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January 15, 1927

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THE NATION LY

PETER B. KYNE

begins his greatest Western novel—

"Jim the Conqueror"

Roberta,
Mr. Kyne's heroine

Brett

"Lincoln kissed him"
by Ida M. Tarbell

JAN. 15, 1927

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The entire automobile industry urges you not to buy oil indiscriminately.

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, indicated below, are Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic ("Arc"), Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," and Mobiloil "B."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Ajax	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Apperson 6	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Auburn 6-63, 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 6-66	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Cleveland 31	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diana	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dorris	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6-65	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" 6-50, 6-60	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal WB3, X2, X5, X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other mod's)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Federal Knight	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	....	....
Flint 80	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F. W. D.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford 1¼-1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gray	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
International ¾ ton	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Junior 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Kissel 6	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Lexington Concord	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	....	....	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan 8	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Oldsmobile 8	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Paige (Pass.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 80	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rolls-Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz 8	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Velie (Pass.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
White 15, 20, 20-D	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other com'l mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills-St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Your instruction book tells you how much importance the maker attaches to correct lubrication.

609 automotive manufacturers approve the Mobiloil chart ... because ...

they know that scientific lubricating facts alone form the basis for these recommendations. They know that Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers thoroughly and painstakingly study each make and model of car before the recommendations are made.

Today, 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name, ask for Mobiloil.

Let the nearest Mobiloil dealer fill up the crankcase of your car with the correct grade of Mobiloil. Then see for yourself how much longer Mobiloil lasts, how it increases power, cuts carbon and repair bills.

30c a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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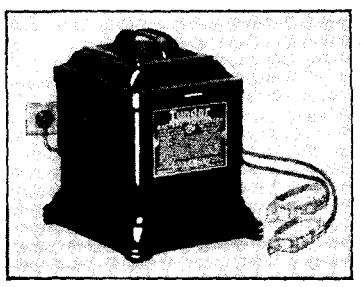
Things *you* should know about Battery Chargers

General Electric presents a complete line of Tungar Battery Chargers having sufficient range to meet the charging requirements of all radio storage batteries—large or small. Tungar is easy to use. It assures fully charged batteries over a long period of years.

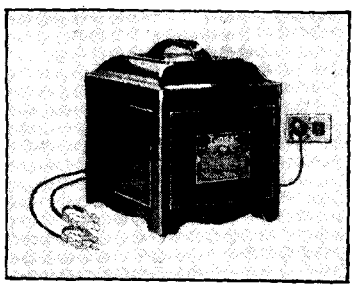
Economical and satisfactory operation of your set depends upon the correct selection of Charger as well as battery. Any good dealer will be glad to recommend the proper Tungar. But these few simple facts may be all the guide you need.

The Two-ampere Tungar



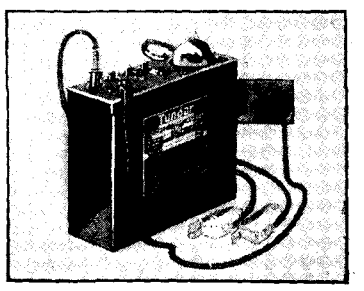
This size Tungar charges all radio "A" and "B" storage batteries and auto batteries. It is particularly suited to sets having power tubes or using considerable current. It can be permanently connected to the battery and an overnight charge once or twice a week should be sufficient.

The Five-ampere Tungar



The Five-ampere Tungar also charges all radio and auto batteries. But it has a high charging rate, charges faster and is best for very large batteries.

The Tungar Trickle Charger



This youngest and already popular member of the family should be used with low capacity 4 or 6-volt radio "A" storage batteries. It is usually permanently connected and charges continuously at a low rate.

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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When you become your children's family

YOU have always thought of those children as your family. It seemed only natural that in many little ways they should be a problem to you. But you little dreamed that a day was swiftly approaching when you two parents would be a problem to them.

But that day comes. About the end of your children's first college year you will find that your tastes, your habits, your furniture—possibly the kind of clothes you wear—are subject to a new critical influence.

At first you are not going to like it. They will want to fix too many things over—the house, the furniture; maybe they will want to fix you over a bit.

All this is going to do you good. Middle-aged people stay young longer when their children simply refuse to regard them as old.

And your children cannot regard you as old if you know as much about new things as they know.

New things are always happening. There are new styles, new conveniences, new luxuries, new contributions to better modes of living coming along all the time—and the simplest and finest explanation of these things is always at your disposal through printed pieces.

There are very few good things made and sold in America today that are not illustrated and described in booklets, folders, circulars or catalogs.

Some printed things you must send for. Some come to you without solicitation. The younger you are in years or in spirit, the more they will interest you. Because your children are young and receptive to impression, they will read them. If you want to understand the ambitions and desires of your children, do not lose touch with the things they are likely to want.

Good booklets, folders, and other forms of printed pieces help to keep you modern, youthful, and alert.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The first step in the production of a series of effective printed pieces should be to consult a good printer. His advice on the technique of their production is invaluable.

The planning and production of this highly remunerative form of advertising is discussed and illustrated in a series of books issued from time to time by S. D. Warren Company. Some of these books are now ready; others will be published during 1927. Ask the merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on the mailing list; or we shall be glad to mail them direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~ better printing

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Number Three

January 15, 1927

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

By PETER B. KYNE

Get well acquainted with Roberta, the heroine of Peter B. Kyne's new and exciting novel, before she meets the conquering Jim—for you're going to have the time of your life watching them try out each other's stuff!

Jim the Conqueror

OLD William B. Latham lay on a wicker chaise longue in the veranda of his country house, Hillcrest, and pretended to be asleep—a subterfuge quite in keeping with a certain salient characteristic of his which had, quite early in his career, earned for him the not inappropriate sobriquet of "Crooked Bill."

Not that the old rascal was crooked in the commonly accepted sense of that term as employed in the quaint patois of our times (indeed, he was a most honorable man), but because he was possessed of an uncommon degree of craft, of audacious and generally amusing slyness, in business and out of it—a sort of super-prudence born of uncanny innate ability to read human nature.

Such men are rarely deficient in a sense of humor, and Crooked Bill had found life more abundantly provocative of laughter than sighs. His friends, who were legion, always remarked when the subject of his happy existence was broached that there was not a reason on earth why it shouldn't be happy.

He was popularly believed to have more money than some folks have hay; he had no wife to bother his life and he paddled his own canoe; he enjoyed excellent health; in fact, he had spent but two dollars and fifty cents on his physical upkeep in the last half century, and this outlay constituted the one regret of his placid existence.

In an absent-minded moment he had once swallowed two tablets of bichloride of mercury in mistake for aspirin. Having discovered his error almost instantly, he had dashed to a doctor's office a block distant and been treated to an emetic of mustard and water. Since both these simple ingredients were to have been found in his own house, he had never ceased to regret the ignorance which had cost him that doctor's office fee. Every night before retiring he drank a glass of old port and ate half a dozen walnuts, which he cracked with his own teeth.

IT PLEASED William B. Latham this late afternoon to pretend to be asleep in order that he might, from under the drawn-down rim of his hat, watch his late wife's niece engaged in a pastime peculiarly dear to that most attractive youth whose manifest decencies appeared, to Crooked Bill, sufficient justification for receiving from the young lady in question what her uncle and guardian described as "a whole lot of letting alone."

Although attached to this Circe by the bonds of an affection somewhat more than avuncular and somewhat less than paternal, Crooked Bill was nevertheless entirely out of sympathy with her method of extracting from life a degree of interest and amusement necessary to making it worth the living; albeit her coquetry, so obvious to the old worldling but so thoroughly unsuspected by her victims, never failed to titillate his sense of the ridiculous. Safely hidden behind a screen of passion vines, through an aperture in which he could see the young people without being seen (his pretense of sleep being merely an additional precaution and quite in keeping with his motto of "safety first"), Crooked Bill estimated the situation and found it not to his liking.

Roberta had her poise back again. She was ready to conquer new worlds and make them like it

With the ordinary run of young gentlemen who laid their vealy hearts at the feet of Miss Roberta Antrim, Crooked Bill had little sympathy and less patience. He was of the opinion that the receipt of their passports from Roberta was not a tragedy that weighed very heavily on them very long.

The majority of them were he-flirts, amusing themselves with Roberta as outrageously as she amused herself with them.

Up to the present none of Roberta's rejects had committed suicide, although not less than four had vowed so to do. Crooked Bill had more than a suspicion, too, that in addition to Roberta's undoubted charms, the fact that she was his heir was not a negligible attraction

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to her continuous and shifting entourage.

In the case of the young gentleman who sat with Roberta on the stone bench under the elm at the end of the garden in the soft September twilight, Crooked Bill could find no extenuating circumstances to adduce as to why Roberta should not be convicted of inflicting cruel and unusual punishment.

GLENN HACKETT, to begin with, was of good family where brains and money, in evidence for three generations, had always been used wisely. He was not the collar-ad type of man; on the contrary, he was rather tall, loose-jointed and angular, with a plain, honest face like a kind horse. He was apt to be regarded as downright homely until he smiled, when one forgot his plainness of feature, for that smile invested him with a singular, manly charm. One trusted him instinctively; his quiet, dry Yankee wit, never disclosed on brief acquaintance, always made one desirous of meeting him again.

He was thirty years old, a lawyer and a good one, which is to say that Crooked Bill gladly paid him a large annual retainer. The old man's highest compliment for Glenn Hackett was that he had horse sense and was the only man he knew who appeared to be as common and comfortable as an old shoe and yet wasn't.

Crooked Bill wished he might have been privileged to hear what Glenn Hackett and Roberta were saying. However, he was a fairly accurate reader of gesture, facial expression and nods, so he was assured that Hackett was proposing marriage to his niece.

"It'd be like her to refuse him," he decided, "and him the only real man I've ever seen on the premises. Shy on small talk and society chatter, but a good listener and a speaker of words worth while when he has something to say. And for once in his life he's doing all the talking while Roberta does the listening. I know that meek, sad, resigned bend of her head while she tugs at her handkerchief and tries to appear surprised. She must have admiration from men or life is a delusion and a snare! And now she's picked on a victim that's bound to back-fire on her, or I'm no judge of men. Hello, he's talking too much! He's getting oppressive. She's finding the going not to her liking—ah, I thought so!"

Crooked Bill drew his hat brim down over his nose; then he rolled his head to one side, opened his mouth a little and commenced to breathe in long, even respirations. He heard the rapid patter of Roberta's little feet coming up the flagged walk, almost felt the swish of her as she passed him and entered the house. In about five minutes he heard the firm, leisurely tread of Glenn Hackett following, and was aware, presently, that the young man had sat down in a chair beside him.

SO HE pretended to sleep on for five minutes, then he stirred uneasily, gritted his teeth, sighed, opened his eyes, looked straight ahead of him at the passion vine and yawned pleasurably.

"Well, now that you haven't had your forty winks," Hackett observed quietly, "what's your opinion as to what my next move should be?"

"I never cared for riddles," Crooked Bill protested virtuously.

"I've just jilted Roberta!"

Crooked Bill sat up with the abruptness of a jack-in-the-box, the which, in all fairness, he resembled not a little. "Shoot me for a horse thief!" he ejaculated, with that expression conveying to Hackett, had that young man not been already aware of the former's antecedents, the information that old William B.'s voting precinct had not always been Dobbs Ferry, Westchester County, N. Y. It aided and abetted the charge made by his hat that once upon a time Crooked Bill had been a son of vast horizons. Even to the unobservant few who, in these days of motion pictures, might fail to have been impressed by that hat, Crooked Bill's soft, pliable leather boots, with his trousers legs drawn over them, spoke eloquently of a land far beyond the Palisades on the Jersey shore. "Played fast and loose with you, eh, boy?"

"No. Just tried to."

"So you threw the dally over your pommel and gave her the bust, eh? Three cheers for our side."

"Cheer to your heart's content. This poor devil isn't dying," Glenn Hackett retorted savagely.

Crooked Bill looked cautiously around to make certain the door from the veranda to the living-room was closed, for it was instinct with him never to make a move until all the conditions were propitious. "I hadn't any idea you two were engaged, son."

"We weren't, although I think we could have been if I had been fool enough to insist. Bobby likes me tremendously. I'm sure of that."

"Like is right. I doubt if she'll ever love anybody, but if she should I'm certain he'll be a married man with a large family and unavailable from every point of view. You interested her, son, far more than any of your predecessors, and I've seen them all come and go. I reckon that's because you were a mite harder to land than the others. You gave her a run. However, I sort o' reckoned that'd be the way when you first druv up," he added comically.

"She's been expecting me to propose for a month, and just a little while ago I was fool enough to do it. She looked so infernally proposable to-day! And while I was doing it I looked at her steadily and noted the triumphant glint in her eyes and a little self-satisfied smile on her lovely lips. Something told me she was preparing the skids for me—"

"She was, undoubtedly. I watched the entire performance from here. I know the signs, Hackett."

HACKETT nodded. "So, no sooner had I popped the question and no sooner had she commenced to assure me that she hadn't remotely suspected this attachment, than I interrupted her and withdrew my proposition. I begged her not to think any more about it."

"Hell's fire!" Crooked Bill was steeped in reverential awe.

"That got her blazing mad," young Hackett continued.

"It would anger a sheep," Crooked Bill agreed. "Roberta's mighty high and handsome in her ideas."

"I told her it had suddenly occurred to me that she could never possibly consider marrying a lawyer who grubbed for a living in the heart of New York's financial quarter. I told her I was quite certain that what she was seeking was a knight-errant and I wasn't it. I told her I'd be the last man in the world to skewer himself on a spear, like kidneys en brochette, for the sake of a lady's smile. I told her I had suddenly made up my mind that it was all a hideous mistake and—but that's as far as I got."

"She up and left you then, son? She was crying as she passed me. I didn't see her, but my hearing's right good for my years. Boy, you're a gift from God! Continue to play your cards like that and she's yours without a flicker. That girl requires a whole lot o' lickin', but she's only got to be licked once!"

"I'm wondering if I overplayed my hand, Mr. Latham?"

"What if you did? She didn't have even a dirty little deuce to trump your ace, did she?"

"I suppose I startled her."

"YOU jarred her conceit, that's what you did. The dearest of women have a lot o' that commodity, son, only they call it womanly pride. However, they'll all humiliate themselves to win the right man. You just keep on rollin' your hoop the way you've started and you'll win in a walk."

"I'm a little bit afraid to carry on, Mr. Latham. She plays fast and loose with a man. Doesn't appear to have a very well-formulated idea that a man is anything except an object of amusement—and I'm no jester to a queen. She's a confirmed flirt."

"They make awful good wives once you halter-break 'em," Crooked Bill suggested.

"How do you know?"

"I married one—and she was that girl's aunt. Roberta comes by her misfortune honestly. It runs in the blood like a wooden leg. All the Barrows women were romantic. In fact, Roberta's mother ran away with an end man in a minstrel show. She adored the jokes that boy used to crack until he cracked one on her by marrying her. She didn't get back at him for two years, but when she did the laugh was on him. She bore him Roberta, and from that day until he died Roberta ran him ragged and made the poor devil like it. He was a good end man but a poor judge of investments, and when he and his wife were killed in a train wreck, my wife and I fell heir to Roberta. She was eleven then. My wife died ten years ago, and I've been riding herd on Roberta ever since."

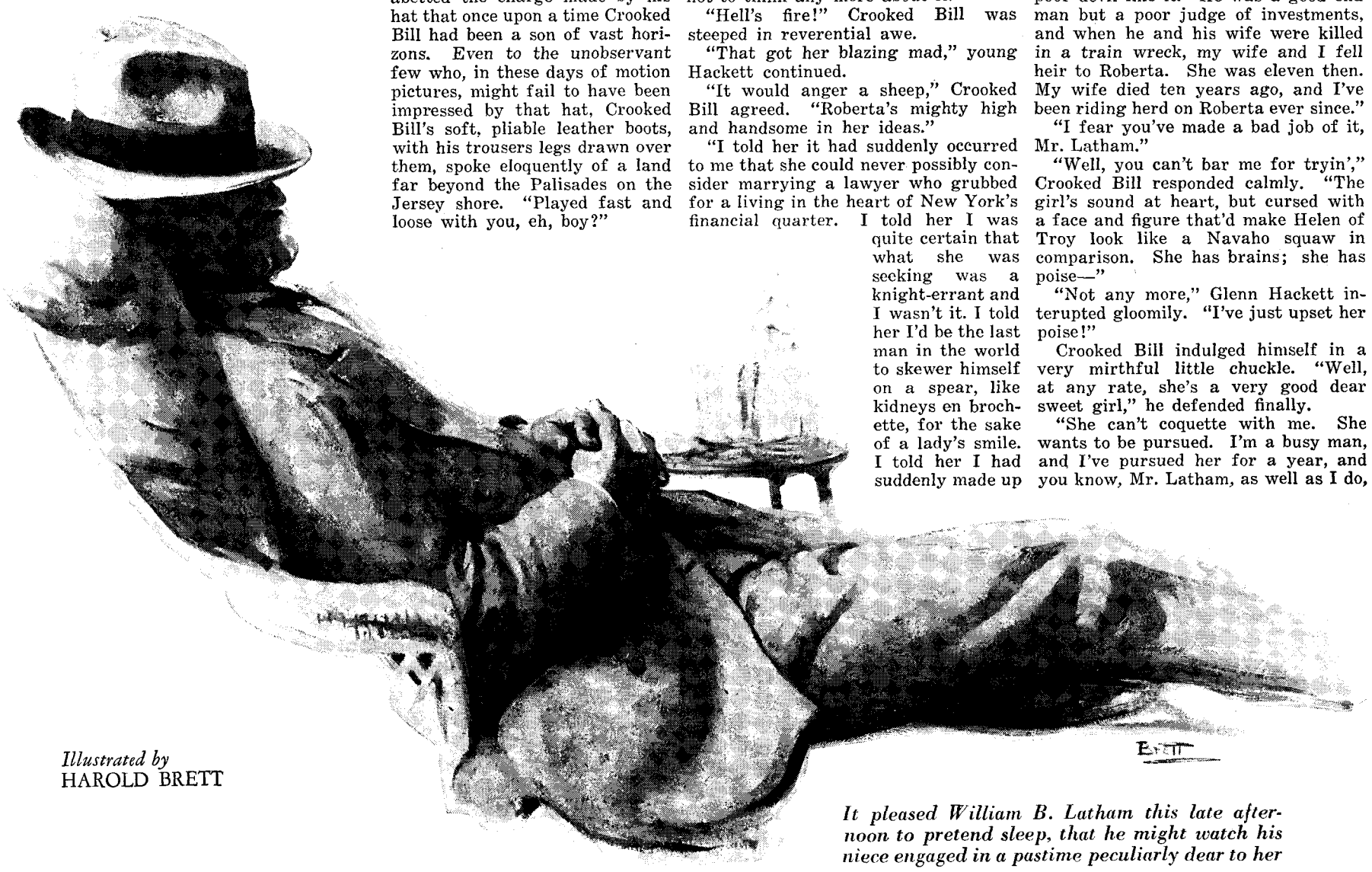
"I fear you've made a bad job of it, Mr. Latham."

"Well, you can't bar me for tryin'," Crooked Bill responded calmly. "The girl's sound at heart, but cursed with a face and figure that'd make Helen of Troy look like a Navaho squaw in comparison. She has brains; she has poise—"

"Not any more," Glenn Hackett interupted gloomily. "I've just upset her poise!"

Crooked Bill indulged himself in a very mirthful little chuckle. "Well, at any rate, she's a very good dear sweet girl," he defended finally.

"She can't coquette with me. She wants to be pursued. I'm a busy man, and I've pursued her for a year, and you know, Mr. Latham, as well as I do,



Illustrated by
HAROLD BRETT

It pleased William B. Latham this late afternoon to pretend sleep, that he might watch his niece engaged in a pastime peculiarly dear to her

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that whenever she has another swain on hand she always devotes herself to him and ignores me."

"Wants to see if you'll get jealous. You'd ought to have done that much for her, but it would have tickled her most to death to think she had the power to hurt you, and she'd have been so grateful to you for obligin' her, most likely she'd have treated you human for a month thereafter. But you made the mistake of resistin' her, son. No woman dodges any sort of contest, and I never knew one that didn't dig into a fight with a winning sperrit. Trouble is, you don't know any other way of fightin' except to go in to win with any weapon handy.

"A feller in love with Roberta had ought to take a leaf out of the lifetime experience of a coyote with fox hounds. Señor Coyote, meeting up with a little lone foxhound he maybe can lick without extendin' himself, never fusses his fur in a precipitate engagement. He just lopes away and not too fast either; he lures the hound off into the desert, where he knows some of his friends will be nosing around, and then they gang-jump that pup and destroy him with ease. When you jilted Roberta a little while ago, was that just your strategy or your temper?"

"My temper, I think. I know I lost it completely and yielded to a sudden mad impulse to give her a dose of her own medicine."

Crooked Bill stroked his chin and spat a thin amber stream over the veranda railing. "Tell you what to do, son," he announced presently, and Glenn Hackett leaned forward to listen to the words of wisdom from the oracle. "You stay to dinner just as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Roberta'll dine in her room, if she has any appetite at all, which I doubt, because the maid'll tell her you're still here and she'll think that's indecent of you. Let her think it. Continue to come out uninvited and unexpected whenever the notion grips you, and when she gives you the dead face you grin at her like a Chinese idol and tell her how winsome she looks in that new dress. As the poet says:

The constant drip of water
Wears away the hardest stone.
The constant gnaw of Towser
Masticates the toughest bone,
The constant wooing lover
Carries off the blushing maid,
And the constant advertiser
Is the one that gets the trade.

Continue to advertise yourself, son. . . . How about an old-fashioned bourbon whisky cocktail?"

Hackett, remembering his host had had his liquor for a decade, nodded gloomy assent, and Crooked Bill went inside to mix the drinks himself, for there were certain duties which his early training indicated should never be intrusted to a butler!

PAUSING not an instant in her precipitate flight from the most amazing and impossible male biped she had ever encountered, Roberta Antrim fled to her room, locked the door, lay down on her bed and indulged herself for ten minutes in that delight of her sex customarily known as a good cry.

"The wretch!" she soliloquized. "The odious boor! He had the effrontery to talk to me exactly as if I were a refractory client instead of the girl he had but a moment before assured he loved to distraction. Oh, dear, what humiliation! I hate him, I hate him, I hate him. I'll never speak to him again as long as I live."

When a woman has come to that conclusion, quite usually she finds it time to cease vain repining and weeping, lave her inflamed eyes with some soothing lotion and powder her nose. So presently Roberta did all of these things and while doing them appraised herself very critically in her mirror. At bottom she was much too wholesome to entertain a cheap vanity, so she did not waste time in an extended inventory.

She knew she had a medium-sized, well-shaped head covered with the sort of rich, golden-tinted auburn hair which so many women attempt but which few achieve. Catty girls often said of Roberta's hair that a chemical analysis would develop a trace of henna in it, but this was not true and even her detractors knew it.

She had the sort of rich, creamy skin that goes with such hair; her eyebrows and eyelashes were darker than her hair, their luxuriance conveying a hint of Celtic blood. Her eyes, large, brown and a trifle sleepy, due to her acquired trick of gazing up at men from under the lids, were ideal for setting the reason of an impressionable male tottering on its throne. Her nose had just escaped being snubby and was tilted at so gentle an angle as to confer upon her a faintly haughty expression when her face was in repose. She had a short, beautifully curved upper lip, which adorable malformation permitted much too easy a display of even, hard, white beautiful teeth. Her lower lip was full, tender and just a shade willful.

ROBERTA'S was no sad, gentle, resigned, wise Mona Lisa smile; it reminded one of the flash of a heliograph. Her chin was full and aggressive, her body beautifully formed, lithesome as a cat's and suggestive of abounding health and much outdoor exercise.

Despite her almost startling beauty, one realized instinctively that Roberta was not (sentimentally speaking) a clinging vine. One felt, too, that she had a healthy temper, despite her perennial good nature and her tolerance for her own sex. As a matter of fact, Roberta did possess a temper readily aroused, but she had the saving grace of refusing to admit it except under extraordinary circumstances.

A certain coolness, a quiet flash of the brown eyes, a more meticulous graciousness, an infinitesimal lift of the firm chin, were the signs Crooked Bill had learned to associate with squalls from that quarter, and for her repression he loved her dearly. He, knowing the blood that was in her, was the only human being who knew also how difficult it was for Roberta, under stress, to refrain from hurling books and traveling clocks! Also, because he had access to these private founts of information and understanding, the old rascal knew how short-lived exasperation was in that jaunty, saucy, lovable soul.

Appraising herself in her mirror now, Roberta twisted her lovely head and cocked it at various angles. No, decidedly her neck was not scrawny, nor was her skin pallid or dull.

She was looking and feeling her best, mentally and physically, and she knew that the light green Romaine crêpe dress, the "nude" stockings and green suède pumps with the plain, cut-steel buckles set her off to additional advantage. In the stilted language of the American fashion writer, they constituted the *dernier cri* of perfect taste, for Roberta was one of those women to whom a clash of colors was impossible. She reflected with a sort of sweet bitterness that she had dressed herself that afternoon with an eye single to impinging herself upon the cool, quietly impersonal glance of Glenn Hackett.

The young gentleman who sat with Roberta was no collar-advertisement type of man

"If I were a girl who wore diamonds to the breakfast table," she told her reflection, "there might have been some excuse for his gauche conduct. One moment he had proposed and the next he was withdrawing the proposal. I wouldn't have accepted him on a bet, nice as he is and comfortable as he is to have around, but he might have given me an opportunity to say so! He was terrible! He gave me the impression that, in one revealing moment, he had seen something in me that revolted him—and I'm not revolting, I'm not, I'm not—"

Once more she gave way to tears, but not for long. With Roberta tears were a sign of weakness, the weapons of the tyrannous, the first refuge of an ungallant and unsportsmanlike woman, although when her emotions were deeply stirred, as by grief or pity, she enjoyed weeping. She patronized human-interest or heart-throb plays and avoided profound books written with an obviously greater concern for style than substance. Instinctively she wanted to get her teeth into life; at least that is how Crooked Bill expressed it, and he had a peculiar gift for apt and illuminating expression.

SHE dried her tears and applied the powder rag again. And then the real reason for her charm—the reason men adored her and made love to her—presented itself. Roberta was a good sport —none better—and hated a quitter with all the strength of her vital, intelligent soul. She made a little grimace at herself.

"Well, Bobby Antrim, you took a man's-sized beating, didn't you? You're of a piece with the fellow who went hunting, promising to bring a bear back into camp. And (*Continued on page 40*)

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Cotton Poor

Oh, yes, there's always a chance—something may happen to Congress, or to cotton

FROM a South Carolina farm came the man who was put in charge of raw materials for the War Industries Board. Later he was chairman of the board itself. For a time he was the industrial dictator of America. He is interested in the cotton producer not only as a student of economic affairs but also as a Southerner who carries the welfare of his homeland close to his heart. He writes:

Any relief from the present difficulties of the cotton grower requires, in my opinion, three things:

1. The use of the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks so that the producer can carry his present crop, which cost him more than it will take to reproduce it.

2. A coincident agreement that he should enter into with the local banker and merchant to curtail next year's acreage to about 60 per cent.

3. The placing of the present crop and next year's crop in one or more coöperative organizations for sale.

***Unless all three of these things are done, the efforts to aid the cotton grower will prove abortive.* The price of cotton next year may and probably will be higher, but in the meantime the producer of this year's crop will have sold at a loss. That alone will make a lessened production next year and a higher price.**

The price obtained by the selling organization should be fair to the producer and to the consumer. If the price is too high, the curative process will be of no value. Taking cotton off the market now, or withholding sales, will be of no benefit unless next year's crop is curtailed.

The prosperity of the cotton farmer is not just a local consideration; it is of national and international importance.

Bernard M. Baruch

MR. AMOS, manager at the Hatchie Creek Bottoms cotton gin, gave Sim Porter his first inkling of the bad news that was to come.

"Smart crop this year, Sim," said Mr. Amos. "How many acres did I hear you say you planted."

"Seventy-five, Mr. Amos," said Sim. "Yes, sir; I don't know as I've seen better lint in years. Figuring 3 acres to the bale of lint, I got about 25 bales and—"

"How many bales did you raise last year, Sim?"

"I was just going to say. Last year I raised 18 out of the same ground, Mr. Amos, and got 18 cents a pound for it. Let's see: 18 bales of 500 pounds each at 18 cents a pound is—is—let me see—I got the figures here somewhere."

"Sure has been a good crop this year, Sim. Boll weevil never did show up."

"No, sir; no boll weevil fooling with that 1926 cotton. Got his fill up last year, I reckon, and in the year before. Yes, sir; this here cotton ought to fetch money."

Mr. Amos was loath to break the news. He was a fair man and a popular one throughout that sector of the cotton belt. He worked for a good concern up in Cincinnati which ginned a planter's cotton free for the seed it got, rendering the seed for oil which it sold to soap manufacturers and the like. Sometimes gave the planter a few dollars to boot.

Sim Porter was a cotton planter on his own; he owned the acres he tilled. That made him a pretty upstanding citizen, and while he was no man of the world, being, like all small farmers, a little bit unsure of himself soon after he left his own land, he was no forsaken *share renter or poor share cropper.*

Like a million more cotton farmers, he had seen poor years and good. He'd starved on good crops and seen poor crops sell for as high as 26 cents a pound. For instance, he'd sold cotton for 35 cents in 1919 and for from 16 cents to 10 cents in 1920.

Also, like all the other cotton farmers, he was suspicious of everybody handling cotton outside his own district. Even inside his own district there were a few men he was none too trustful of—perhaps because he didn't quite understand them or their affairs. Mr. Tetlow, the banker, for example. And Congressman Hemhaugh. Might be honest enough and all that, but Sim just couldn't quite catch up with them at what they were doing. Besides, Sim owed the bank $1,500.

"Sim," said Mr. Amos, "I don't know about your cotton fetching money this year. I've been hearing a lot of stories."

"Country's prospering, ain't it?" demanded Sim.

"Of course," said Mr. Amos, "I may be all wrong, Sim, and maybe you'll hear different up at the store, but I've been hearing that we've produced too much cotton this year—more'n is needed. And that means the cotton buyers can pick and choose and set their own price. Mind you, I ain't saying it's so, but that's what I've been hearing."

"It ain't my fault if the crop's good one year and not so good another," said Sim. "This here's good cotton—long fiber—and if I buy good goods at the store they charge me good prices. This here's the best cotton I ever saw, Mr. Amos and—"

"Well, Sim, good luck. Maybe I'm wrong, but I'm just telling you what I'm hearing."

Banker Owns Grocer and Planter

CANBY'S store, where Sim sells his cotton, is the economic and social center of Hatchie Creek Bottoms and the contiguous cotton country. Harper Canby owns it—that is, he still holds title to it. He comes nearer to owning Sim because Sim's entirely at his mercy *just as he is at the mercy of Taylor* Tetlow, president of the Humboldt County National Bank.

Taylor Tetlow is the most powerful man in the county—in fact, in the district. Even Congressman Hemhaugh holds his tongue in Humboldt County until Mr. Tetlow speaks.

As Harper Canby holds a mortgage on Sim Porter, so does Taylor Tetlow have Canby in his grasp because while Sim's always in debt to the store so is the store forever beholden to the bank for loans to carry it over while it is carrying cotton planters like Sim over.

Practically everything Hatchie Creek Bottoms possesses has come from Canby's store. There Sim buys his groceries, meats, dry goods, notions, *clothing,* boots, fertilizers, farm implements. At Canby's Mrs. Porter and the six Porter children are clothed.

Over the store there is a hall wherein church sociables and school entertainments are held; wherein sick and injured folks lie awaiting suitable transportation to the hospital at the county seat. There every ten days Dr. McCreery, from the county seat, spends an afternoon with his kit on one side of him and a bag of medicine on the other. He even pulls a tooth or two occasionally although he's no dentist.

Sim Loses $700

"SIM," said Mr. Canby, "they ain't going to do so good by you this year."

"So I been hearing," said Sim. "What are you giving."

"Eleven cents, Sim."

"Quit your fooling."

"I ain't aiming to kid you, Sim. How many pounds have you got?"

"Twenty-five bales. Longest fiber I ever grew too. Best crop since 1913. How much did you say you're paying?"

"Eleven cents is what I said, Sim. More than that, I can't take all you got either. You see, it's this way: Up in Washington they know how much we're planting, and the big cotton men in New Orleans and New York and such places figure on that and tell the manufacturers how much cotton to expect, and they arrange accordingly."

"Why, I can't take no 11 cents, Mr. Canby," said Sim. "This cotton cost me 18 cents to grow."

"Well, I'm just telling you, Sim; that's all. I ain't got no more to do with the price you're getting for your cotton than I have with the price of the grits and bacon and clothing I'm feeding you. New Orleans tells me how much cotton it will take through this store, and I can't take any more than they'll take. Look here, Sim."

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By WALTER DAVENPORT

Illustrated by CLIVE WEED

The more you raise the less you get, and you're lucky to sell at a loss

Sim looked. Canby produced an account book wherein it was recorded that Sim Porter owed Harper Canby $1,000 for food, clothing and supplies.

"Twenty bales," said Canby, "of 500 pounds each. That's 10,000 pounds of cotton, ain't it, Sim?"

Sim nodded resentfully.

"I got 25 bales of the finest—"

"Ten thousand pounds at 11 cents makes $1,100," went on Canby.

"I got to have more'n 11 cents," repeated Sim. "Cost me 18 cents to raise it with fertilizer up and hands scarce so that they're getting $40 and $50 a month, not counting what I have to pay pickers."

Carrying Cotton Costs Money

"SO YOU can suit yourself, Sim," said Canby, ignoring Sim's woe. "I'll take your cotton—20 bales, that is—and wipe your account off my books, giving you the balance of $100 in cash. Just suit yourself, Sim; only I got to have my money out of you because Taylor Tetlow's calling for his money from me, and I guess he'll tell you the big city bank's coming down on him for the money he owes them. That's all."

"What about these here 5 bales you won't take?" asked Sim, whose simple cotton mine had blown up.

"Sim, I'm bound to say that's your funeral. If you could store them away, now—"

"Where?" asked Sim. "Besides, I can't afford to carry cotton. Carrying cotton costs money—storage charges and insurance."

"Listen, Sim, why don't you go around and see Taylor Tetlow? Maybe he can tell you more about it."

"He can't tell me nothing I don't know now—nothing that'll mean anything to me. Besides, I already owe the bank."

Nevertheless, fifteen minutes later Sim's mules were meandering toward the bank. Sim, slumped forward in a dejection born of resentment and bewilderment, held the lines loosely. Behind him in the wagon were exactly $100 worth of Harper Canby's stock. The Porters had been out of practically everything a family needs to subsist upon, and Sim's wife had made up a long list before he left.

Sim was frankly flat—bankrupt, if you choose. He still owned 75 acres of good cotton land. He owned a span of tough mules and a wagon. He owned 5 bales of cotton which, as far as he knew, nobody wanted. But he owed the bank $1,500, and there were taxes coming. Taxes not only coming but coming bigger.

"Nobody asked me how much taxes I can pay," he growled. "Nobody asked me how much I ought to pay for supplies. They just go ahead and fix that price to suit themselves. Say it costs them so much to run the county and I got to pay my share of it. They say supplies cost them so much and they got to charge me so much. But nobody asks me how much it costs me to raise my cotton. Don't pay no attention to me. Just give me what they want to pay for cotton and I can take it or leave it and starve to death."

Taylor Tetlow was on the pavement talking to Congressman Hemhaugh when Sim's team pulled up at the bank. To have been in accord with the humor of the world as Sim sensed it, Mr. Tetlow and Congressman Hemhaugh should have been in the doldrums. They weren't.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Porter," said Taylor Tetlow.

"Sim," said Congressman Hemhaugh, "how are you? How's Mrs. Porter and the baby? How are Sinkler, Miriam, Zoe, Lee and Sim, junior? I aim to drop in to see you all before I have to go up to Washington."

Sim answered the congressman with a nod. To Tetlow he said:

"I reckon maybe you know it, but I can't take up that note you hold on me."

Sim was mildly surprised that even that bit of depressing intelligence did not banish Banker Tetlow's cheeriness. Sim couldn't remember ever having seen Tetlow so far above the grouch level, which is not meant to infer that the banker's spirits were actually ebullient. It was simply a relative matter. Mr. Tetlow was a small, dry man with sparse, shaggy whiskers and a business chill that was the district's standard in such matters. Today he was almost affable.

"So?" he said to Sim. "Step inside and talk. Come in, Congressman."

11-Cent Cotton Tickles Tetlow

ON THE brief walk to Mr. Tetlow's office Sim found his confused spirits congealing into anger. Why should Tetlow be urbane? Or why shouldn't he? He was a banker, not a blanked fool raising cotton. Of course Sim wasn't thinking clearly.... Damn Congressman Hemhaugh too, with that smirk of his. Ought to be a cotton farmer and he wouldn't have so much to smirk about. . . . Something ought to be done. . . .

"So the cotton crop isn't so good this year, Sim?" said Tetlow.

"Best crop I ever saw," said Sim. "That's what I come around about—that and the note you hold on me. Cotton cost me 18 cents and Canby's paying 11. I got 5 bales he won't take too."

"A deplorable situation," said Congressman Hemhaugh. "The very bone and sinew of this great American people is being sacrificed to make a Republican—"

"Sim," said Taylor Tetlow, stopping the congressman with a gesture, "the world can use just so much cotton and no more. As the world is gaited today the amount of cotton it can absorb is, in round figures, 14 million bales. Of this amount the United States supplies 60 per cent, which is, again approximately, 60 per cent of what the United States produces."

"All I know," replied Sim, "is that I raise 75 acres of the finest cotton I've ever seen, and all they offer me for it is 11 cents a pound, with it costing me 18 cents a pound to raise. It seems to me—"

"Price is based on demand, generally speaking," said Tetlow. "The Department of Agriculture sees us planting so many acres, and it makes a prediction about how many bales that planting is going to produce. The future market takes that figure and sets its machinery to take in that much."

"But supposing," protested Sim, "an acre of planting produces more cotton than the Department of Agriculture thinks it ought."

"I was just about to say," said Tetlow, his customary chill returning, "that the department's figures take into account all reasonable attacks on the estimated crop. They allow for the boll weevil."

"No boll weevil this year," said Sim. "I never seen a cleaner crop."

"As I say, they allow for the ravages of the boll weevil, for untoward weather conditions and for other possible backward influences beyond the control of the farmer."

"There wasn't anything like that this year," said Sim, who was not to be untracked now. He was too resentful to be afraid of Taylor Tetlow or anybody else. "Mr. Tetlow," he said, "does the department ever allow for what might be a bigger crop than they thought for?"

"We shall have to stick to the facts as they exist, Sim," said the banker. "Harper Canby was right. He can take just so much and no more. The market dictates how (*Continued on page 32*)

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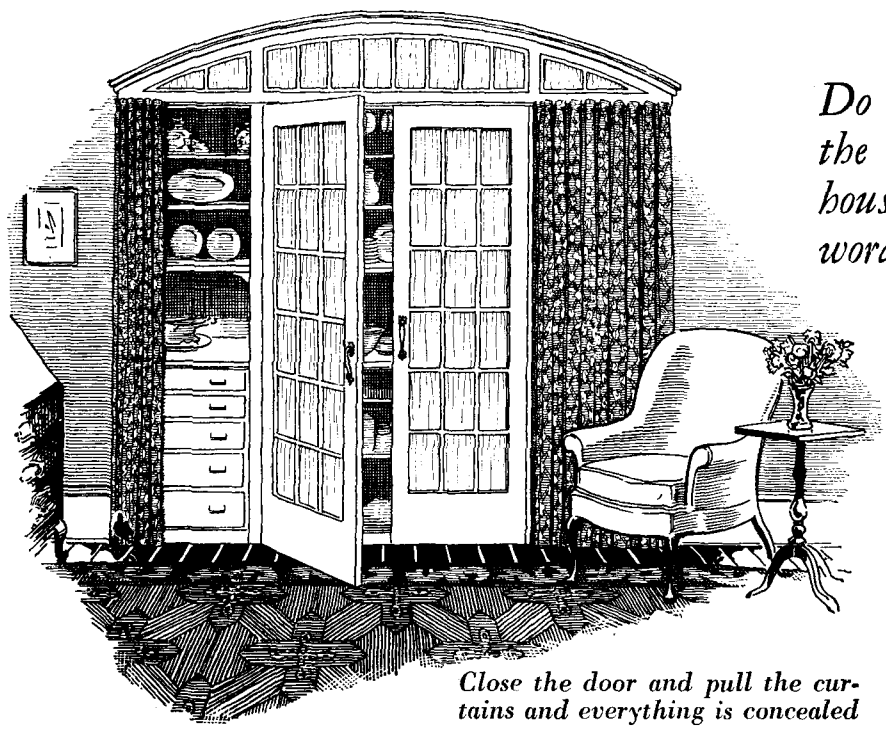
Abolish the Dining-Room



Close the door and pull the curtains and everything is concealed

Do you agree with Mr. Bok that your dining-room is the most expensive and unnecessary room in the house? Tell us what you think about it—in 200 words or less. For the best letters Collier's will pay $25, $15 and $10

Address Letter Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York City. No letters will be returned.

By EDWARD W. BOK

I WAS dining a few evenings ago with a young married couple. When dinner was announced I turned to find the set table in a windowed recess in the living-room. A screen shielded it when I had come in.

The following evening I was having dinner in a New York apartment when again a screen was removed and the dinner table, all set, was against the wall in the living-room.

I commented on the fact in each case.

"Oh," replied the hostess, "we are through with the dining-room as such."

"But you have one?" I asked.

"Yes, but I wish we hadn't."

In both instances a new house was under way or in planning, and in both cases the dining-room was being omitted.

Yet, eight years ago, when I first suggested in an article the doing away of the dining-room as a useless and expensive room, I was told by women, "Oh, you can't do without a dining-room." But that was also the cry, when, fifteen years before, I suggested the abolition of the parlor.

Who sees a parlor nowadays included in a new house?

A Feudal Futility

A LIVING-ROOM was the substitute, and now one end of this same room is made to do duty as a dining-room. Perfectly feasible, and one more practically useless room is abolished. For when you count the time that a dining-room is actually in use each day, the futility of it becomes apparent. A hurried half hour in the morning, either not at all at noon or another half hour and an hour in the evening for dinner. Two hours a day!

And we spend our good money in taking the space in our house plans, to say nothing of the cost of building, furnishing and housekeeping a room so little used. And in some cases, it means a maid less.

We forget that the parlor and dining-room were handed down to us from the drawing-room and dining-room of feudal times, forgetting that these rooms are no longer necessary in our time. We are blindly following a custom that is not in line with the modern necessity for economy of space and the growing difficulty in securing domestic service.

In our lake home in Maine we use the fireplace end of our living-room, screened in, for dining purposes, and never in all the years we have lived there have we felt the necessity of a separate dining-room.

How It Works Out

WITH the dishes cleared off, the same table is ready for after-dinner purposes. Both Germany and England are far ahead of us in the house without a dining-room.

Nor is it necessary either to mar the living-room or in any way to suggest that the room is used for a double purpose.

"How do you mean?" asks the housewife.

These three variations will show her, and there are endless other ways which can be worked out by a clever architect.

In the room shown in the illustration below, the two corner cupboards serve as china closets, with a kitchen slide in the one on the left for the serving of food. The lower portions of the closets may be utilized for silverware or for table linen. The window arrangement is what it pretends to be. The door to the kitchen is at the left.

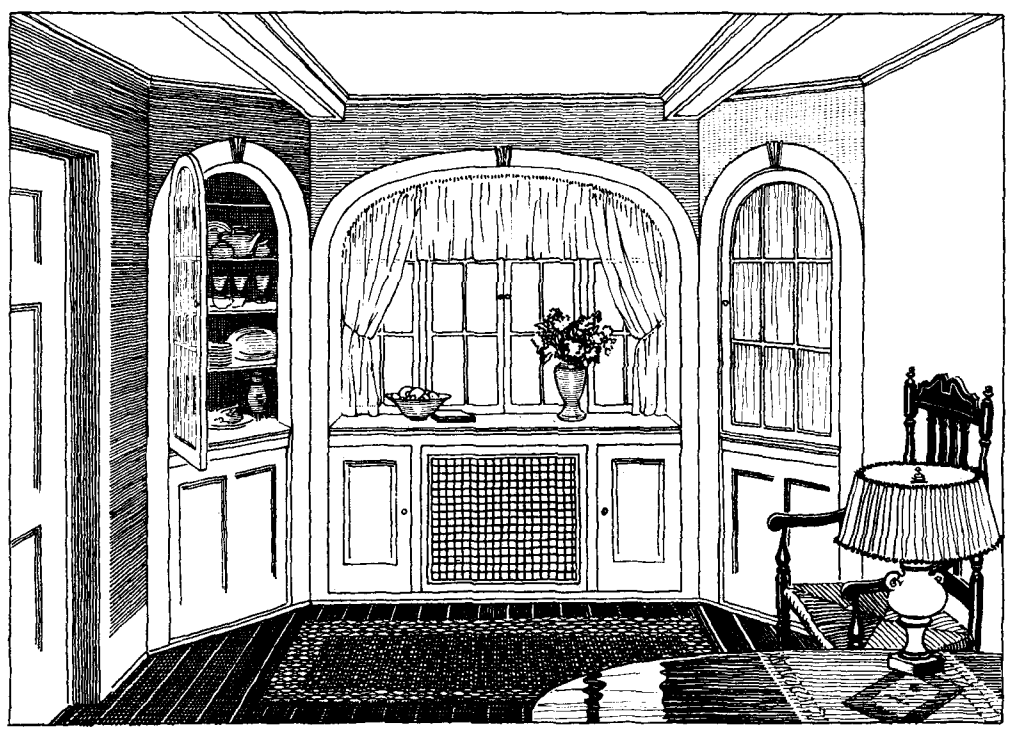
Close the door and pull the curtain at the left (in illustration at the beginning of this article) and who would suspect the actual purpose of this combination?

In the kitchen, on the other side of the wall, doors open into the china closet also, so that when the dishes are washed they can be put into the china closet from that side.

If you drew aside the drapery at each side of the French doors, would you expect to find the door leading into the kitchen on the right, and on the left drawers for silverware and table linen, and more shelves for dishes or silverware and, best of all, a slide (in the back of the left closet) which can be drawn aside so that food can be passed from the kitchen into the dining-room?

The French doors are draped with either net or thin Japanese silk, which is pulled on rods fastened just above and below the glass. The curtains may be on the room side or on the closet side, but in most cases will look better on the closet side because of the side draperies.

If such a large china closet is not needed, one side may be used for this purpose and the other used for the door into the kitchen.



Here the two corner cupboards serve as china closets. The window and its arrangements are what they pretend to be

Camouflage That Pays

THIS would make unnecessary the door at the right of the French door and the cupboard arrangement at the left.

In one instance that I know the center consists of library shelves filled with books, and with the curtains drawn the impression is that of a library.

And there is a possible third treatment for a room with a fireplace at one end, where the same flue will answer for the kitchen range and the living-room fire.

There are two doors at either side of the fireplace. Either may be used for the door leading into the kitchen, while the other can be a china closet, or it may have the upper portion devoted to a china closet and the lower portion be given over to silverware and table linen.

So that while doing away with a dining-room may sound startling at first, it works out in a perfectly simple way and proves how unnecessary is a separate room devoted to eating.

And, as an economic factor, with land high and building costs higher, the idea is one distinctly in line with modern conditions.

We have done away with the parlor, and no one misses it! The same would be true of the dining-room, saving the American housewife an extra room to take care of.

Housekeeping is difficult and expensive enough in these days: the tendency should be to make it simpler and more economical.

The younger housekeeper is already seeing the light, and it is conservative to predict that it will not be long before the home without a dining-room will be as generally accepted as is now the home without a parlor.

The one is equally useless with the other.

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She told me all about herself and she soon knew all that was to be known about me

My Own Countess

All the members of the A. E. F. experienced countesses—but not this lovely lady, not her of Châtillon

By STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

IT WAS no surprise when something of the insinuations that I was a bit off balance, never the same since, and the rest of the shell shock nonsense, finally came to my father's ear. I'd overheard some of the whispering myself at luncheons of the Air Service Veterans' Club in New York and among the older pilots out at Mitchel Field, Mineola, where in the intervals between frequent trips to Europe during the years after the war I used to do a little flying to keep my hand familiar with the stick. "Oh, yes," they'd murmur, "Roger Whitfield—he flew with the Thirteenth, Second Pursuit—got a crack on the head;" or else, "That's the fellow who keeps going back there; can't forget it—wanders all over France on foot"—until I could manage to get out of hearing.

Of course it was annoying, and yet I couldn't very well explain. At least I never had, not even to Cordelia. Bless her stout heart, I didn't have to. She accepted me as bon comrade just "as is," without any questions or doubts about my sudden rushes back to France. I can feel her firm little arm hooked through mine on Fifth Avenue now, or I can see her with determined, pressed-together lips shooting her ball for the necessary 150-yard carry over the water hazard on No. 16.

I know I was in love with Cordelia then and ought to have told her so instead of racing off to the pier to catch the Rochambeau. She probably knew I was going for good that time, and her casual little kiss of au revoir was denied by a faint shadow of panic in her sheer blue eyes. Perhaps that was only my imagination making me feel as bad as possible about leaving her. Maybe she didn't care a hang.

At any rate, it was for her sake more than mine that I'd decided to go to France again and stay there until I could know my own soul well enough to offer it to anyone. So it's three years, two months and seven days now since I've seen America. No wonder my father began to doubt finally that mere wanderlust and post-war nerves were the real reasons for my continued absence.

THE change was evident in one of his characteristic cablegrams which awaited me at the Meurice in Paris upon my return from another fruitless tramp through Lorraine. My father seldom wrote personal letters, and his messages were always direct, decided and brief. In the deep red shadows of my curtained room—a somber ornateness more reminiscent of the intrigues of Dumas' kings and court beauties than suggestive of the problem of a modern young man—I read the cable: "Convinced you are not in normal health. Have instructed world-famous doctor to call on you. Please give him complete confidence and obedience as a favor to me."

Naturally I was angry. Who wouldn't be? But by the time my disappointment had settled on me again and I began to wonder if the whole affair were not possibly a mirage of the mind, I was ready to welcome a brain specialist or any other human.

A Dr. Paul Aubry followed his unpretentious card to my room a little before six o'clock, and as soon as I saw that I had not to deal with the expected scientific graybeard, my feeling of antagonism faded. Dr. Aubry was quite tall, dark and very handsome in the French manner. He had a short mustache and kindly but brooding brown

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eyes. I think he was no older than thirty-nine or forty. All of my feeling of reserve left me when he smiled and with the limp of a veteran hobbled to a chair. I laughed and handed him my father's cablegram. "At your service, Doctor."

HE LAUGHED also. His English was idiomatic and familiar. "I can see at a glance," he said, "that you are not a real mental case. You probably need only to unburden your mind of something, to talk to someone who won't think you are crazy no matter what you say. That's about all there is to my job, just to listen."

"You'll think I'm crazy all right," I said. "But I don't care if you do."

He shook his head. "Queer things happen. As I know from personal as well as professional experience, there is little real, permanent insanity in the world. Now your difficulty interests me, and when your father's message to our hospital staff was received I accepted the case. Your father mentions a mysterious Châtillon. If you will tell me about that and what happened that keeps you in France, or what you think happened, I will possibly be able to tell you whether it did or did not happen and if it didn't, why you think it did."

That struck me as childish, but I liked the fellow's simplicity and was willing to tell him then and there for what it was worth. He wouldn't let me. He suggested that we spend the evening together, and when I invited him to dine, he said, "With great pleasure—if we may have dinner served here in your rooms."

With some adroitness he kept me off the subject of Châtillon for at least two hours. The dinner helped him. At my suggestion he had helped in the ordering, and his selections, especially the vintage of Burgundy and the Chartreuse he had specified, put us in no mood for serious discussion of any sort. Our small table had been drawn close to the open windows, and we were pleasantly aware of the softened sounds and glimmer of lights reflected in the shower-washed street below. The waiter had left us with a final pot of coffee and some Russian cigarettes.

As if to dismiss our talk of international golf and tennis, the modern advance in aviation, French affairs in north Africa, the momentary instability of the franc—what not—my companion pushed back his chair, crossed his long legs and lighted a fresh cigarette. "Why don't you tell me about this Châtillon affair, M'sieur Whitfield? Your head is perfectly clear. Go ahead with it, and I won't interrupt."

"I was waiting until you were ready," I said. It was true that I felt a certain relief at the chance. The very fact that he was French and a doctor seemed to make it easier. "All right then," I began. "But I warn you that the episode has features which make it similar enough to the experiences of dozens of our pilots on forced landing during the war. In fact the "château stunt" was something of a joke at our squadron mess tables. There always seemed to be a château wherever a pilot was forced down.

"But even so I can't quite skip the circumstances of my landing. They may have affected the main point. You may judge of that, Doctor. Late in October of '18 our Second Pursuit Group, including my squadron, the Thirteenth, were covering the Argonne front from a flying field at Souilly. We were using Spads with the two-twenty Hispano motor and we burned out those engines pretty fast. When I reached a new one our engineering officer decided my old ship wasn't worth it. It had been more or less riddled with machine-gun bullets a couple of times and seemed to be permanently out of alignment. They phoned the depot at Colombey for a new plane.

Illustrated by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Joyce was out there in the sunlight in her riding habit

"I was glad Colombey was unable to deliver at the moment, for the captain immediately suggested I go to Paris on two days' leave and fly out a new ship from Orly myself. I'd had three months up front without a break."

Dr. Aubry put in a question: "That is Orly sur Seine, just outside of Paris?"

I nodded. "It was our transfer station. I remember very well taking off from the field there in my brand-new Spad, machine guns full of vaseline, maps and directions clear, and the fairly good time I'd had in Paris to think of on the way. I was scheduled to land for gasoline and inspection at Troyes and then go on. Two hours of flying time should have covered the entire distance.

"I started about two o'clock, a heavy day, bright enough but too warm for October, and I hadn't much more than put Dijon about two thousand meters under my wing when a black billow of cloud rose like a genie from the southeastern horizon."

Aubry smiled. He had not seemed to be paying close attention, and I was hurrying with my account. "I know those storms," he said. "They are both severe and sudden. What then?"

I went on, feeling nervous even at the recollection. "I wasn't afraid at the time. More fool me. A Spad was good for about a hundred and fifty an hour, and I felt sure I could run around the end of that storm to Troyes before I was threatened with disaster or driven north into German territory. I ought to have turned back. That was the common sense of it.

"A few minutes later I did turn back. A shadow had crossed the sun. The air had become bumpy and full of gray wisps. Before I more than realized the change a squall of rain struck me in the face and stung like blown sleet. Who can estimate how fast that storm was coming? I had one glance over my shoulder and beheld a veritable black wall reaching, it seemed, from the pit of hell to the feet of God, toppling, swirling. A tattoo of hail raised little bumps on my forehead under the edge of my helmet, half blinding me. Then I was engulfed in darkness, darker than night, dark as doom perhaps, a pitch-black, sightless, spaceless fury. It happened more quickly than I tell it. Add one-fifty an hour to the speed of a storm.

"How long I was in that cloud I shall never know. An era of existence, if you ask me, although my wrist watch advanced probably no more than four or five minutes. It was, of course, a horror, no matter how accustomed one was to the air. If you can think of riding a dry maple leaf caught up in a Kansas cyclone, or imagine an elevator falling from the fortieth floor through one of our American skyscrapers, or fancy the stupendous upward leap with which a freed soul may leave its body—Twisting, spinning, turning over and over! I was fighting the controls—screaming probably. We used to call the Spad a 'flying brick.' It was sturdy, all right. One could ordinarily maneuver it with a touch of finger and thumb. I used full strength, braced elbows and knees, in vain.

"There were explosions of light, followed by others, ripping lightning not fifty feet from my wing tips, and a blast of sound which made shell and air bomb seem like popping champagne corks in comparison. There was no comparison. The feelings and emotions of the air have no similarities in human experience or imagination. I describe myself in an airplane in the heart of a thunder cloud, Doctor. Do you feel it? Can you conceive it? I know you can't. I can't myself now. I've forgotten the shriek of the wires, the cracking hail, the blast of fire, the ghastly 'gone' feeling of a stalled plane."

THE doctor reached across the table and put his hand on my arm. "That's enough of the storm. You're here, so you weren't killed. What followed?"

I subsided. "Well, as suddenly as the storm overtook me, I was flung free of it into the most golden sunshine. To my amazement, my engine was still going. I am not ashamed to say I was weeping and sweating. No man's mind can be expected to take such impressions without reactions which are usually unmanly. Below me in the bright washed air glistened a little village with a spire, like a paradise! All about was meadowland, marked off in those geometric patterns, squares, rectangles, triangles which agricultural man has drawn upon the surface of the earth. I felt as though I had come back to life after a dip into some horrible hereafter."

I paused in my account, remembering, until my companion prompted me: "Yes? Go on, my friend."

"Unfortunately," I told him, "my landing was not good. I suppose most of my air sense had been shocked out of me. I put three points down all right, but overshot the field and rolled into some soft plowed ground. The plane stood on its nose, and I was thrown forward against the edge of the cowl pretty hard. This scar you see on my forehead.

"I was knocked out, I suppose, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and when I opened my eyes again I was stretched out on the ground surrounded by no less than a hundred of your country folk, staring and chattering. Later I discovered I was the first American soldier they'd seen, the single concrete evidence, to them at least, that two million of us had crossed the sea to do battle at their side. I think I sensed this almost at once and felt no little responsibility as a representative. I made light of the cut on my forehead, got to my feet, and started for the village, both heralded and served in retinue by my hundred rescuers, who were gaining recruits all the way. It was quite a procession, something of a moment. I have no gift for the public sort of thing, but I braced up when we entered the main street and tried to carry off the affair with as much credit to American arms as an aviator could. I understood them to say the name of the place was Châtillon."

"Ah, Châtillon," Dr. Aubry was relieved apparently that I had come to my story. "Quel' Châtillon? Which one?" he asked.

"We're coming to that," I said. "In the miniature village place I listened to an extemporaneous (*Continued on page 36*)

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Illustrated by WILLIAM DE LEFTWICH DODGE

The general laughed aloud then, but without mirth. He who had been faithful all his life was about to die as a traitor at the end

A Loyal Man

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

He was branded traitor, but in death the flag of his country covered him

GENERAL DEDYUKHIN KOSTROMA was very tired, too tired even to be greatly astonished. There were pouches under his bleak eyes, lines of weariness round his mouth. He was old and white-haired, and death was very close to him. He knew.

He had heard before of this league of exiles who dwelt in Paris and rendered justice, as opportunity came, to those who had betrayed the Tsar.

He had hardly even been surprised when the laughing, blue-eyed stranger had approached him on the lonely Montmartre street and forced an automatic against his side through the thickness of a heavy overcoat. He had gone with the man, of course, aware that, in spite of his disguise, his lack of beard and mustache, his generally aged appearance, no man who had known him could fail to recognize him. There was the stiffness of the old Imperial Army in his back, the saber cut still over his left brow.

He had been taken in a taxi to a gaunt stone house on the outskirts of Paris, ushered within to meet there members of this league of exiles. They had explained to him briefly, clearly, that they were the avengers of the old régime, and that sooner or later all traitors came to Paris and into their hands. They would dispose of him, but they would not humiliate him or shame him. They had a way of arranging such matters, to each man a way that fitted him. He had been a soldier, a great soldier, and he would understand, later. It was useless to try to escape.

He did understand. The league was composed mostly of members of the old aristocracy, and they were gentlemen. He stood now in the center of the richly furnished room they had given him, leaning heavily on his ebony cane and surveying the garments arranged on the bed out of weary and life-tired eyes. They were all there, including even underclothes of silk, the full regalia of a general of the Imperial Army.

He hardly stirred when the door opened and a slender middle-aged man came in, clicking his heels and bowing. He was attired as an officer of staff—Cossack, the general saw. He explained carefully that he had been sent to valet the general. The general bowed. Would he care for vodka, wine, or a little brandy? They had some wonderful twenty-year-old cognac. . . . Ah, yes, a small brandy.

The valet disappeared and returned with a silver tray on which were glasses and a slender-necked bottle. The general laid aside his cane, straightened and sipped the amber liquid. The valet assured him that his bath was ready.

HE WAS changed at last. He felt vastly better, a little more interested in life. This league of exiles had even supplied him with his decorations, with the jeweled orders he had received at the steps of the throne. It was as if the years fell away, as if he were back in the headquarters at Lemberg, on the eve of the great attack. Ah, the Tsar had lived then and Holy Russia had been well and strong. The valet murmured smooth words in his ear, and he nodded assent and strode from the room. Outside the door another man, in the uniform of a famous regiment, clicked his heels and saluted. Men were stationed all down the dim hallway: men in uniform, saluting. It was certainly like the headquarters at Lemberg, just as if the general walked to dinner with his brilliant staff behind him.

The dining-room was brilliantly lighted and sparkling with silver and cut glass. The general recognized some of the plate, fragments from the messes of famous regiments. Officers stood stiffly waiting his seating, and he strode calmly to the table head, dropped to his chair. There was a scraping of boot heels, a tinkling of medals, and the rest sat also. The dinner was served.

The general conversed politely with the men near him. There was soft laughter, the tinkling of glasses. There was no mention of the reason for all this mummery. Everyone understood. It had been explained to the general when he first arrived. He was not greatly worried or bothered about the end. Life had not been too kind to him recently, and all men had misunderstood his actions. He looked quietly up and down the table. Some of the exiles he recognized.

There was Cheramis, whose father was a count and who had been colonel . . . now what was the regiment? . . .

And that tall, pale man . . . surely Berexoff, who had been on the staff at Lemberg. One or two others he thought he knew but could not be sure. His eyesight was not so good as it had been. They nearly all wore different uniforms. The Little Father save him, was this the remains of the Imperial Army, all who were loyal and alive?

An officer at (*Continued on page 39*)

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Vamp, Vamp, Vamp!

Gloria Swanson—Paramount

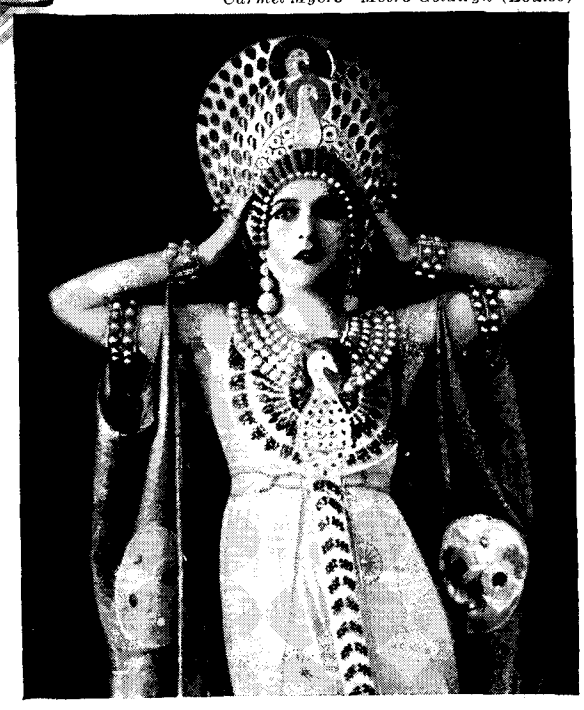
Salome was just a refined little country lass trying to get a head. She did. She was the daughter of Herodias and is not to be confused with the other Salomes who lived the other side of the railroad tracks and didn't travel with the country club set

Below: Catherine of Russia, an obscure German princess, made up her mind at 15 that some day she was going to be top-heavy with jewels, as the ruler of Russia. She married Grand Duke Peter, nephew of the Empress, and in time achieved her ambition by efficient and persistent vamping—and kept it, the same way

Margaret Livingston—Fox

At the left: An orange a day certainly did wonders for Mrs. Gwyn's little girl. She sold them in the alley outside the Drury Lane Theatre in London and when the stage manager needed a red-headed, airy lass he reached out and grabbed Nellie. And when Charles II needed a new girl friend he grabbed Nellie, too

Carmel Myers—Metro-Goldwyn (Louise)



Dorothy Gish—Paramount

Betty Blythe—Fox

At the left: There seems to be some dispute as to whether King Solomon actually fell in love with the alluring Balkis, Queen of Sheba. Certainly she visited him, and if he didn't, are we to believe, after all these years, that his much-vaunted brain was nothing more or less than a spare part?

At the right: The other gentlemen of the day may have fallen for her but Ben Hur was Iras-proof. Try as she might—and decidedly did—she couldn't vamp the lad out of winning the derby. Which, after gazing on the glory that was Iras, was no mean feat. After all, there are many derbies but few girls like Iras

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LONG before Kipling bull's-eyed them in his pithy but unchivalrous phrase, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" —long before Theda Bara's star gleamed and waned, lady vamps were up and about their enticing art. Here are a handful of lassies who made history so much more engrossing and less monotonous down through the vamping years.

At the left: Famed in history as the ping-pong partner of Julius Cæsar and later Mark Antony, Cleopatra is better known to thousands of music-lovers throughout this song-beridden land as the daughter of one Cleo and her husband, Pat. Cæsar staged a war to please her and Antony committed suicide in the mistaken belief that she had already done so

Helen Hayes—Muray Studios

At the right: When little Jenny Poisson caught the eye of Louis XV he made her a present of the estate of Pompadour from which she took her title of Marquise. But she didn't stop there. Her chief claim to fame lies in her development of the skyscraper style of hair-dressing

Billy Dell—Wide World

Below: Some historians say that Lucrezia Borgia was just a simple little bookworm. But others say that she murdered her brother, poisoned two uncles and had a playful way of mixing prussic acid cocktails for ex-lovers

Estelle Taylor—Warner Bros.

At the left: Women are getting into everything these days. Here, for instance, is Lady Bluebeard in a feminist version of the bloody old tale. It seems it wasn't the brothers who bumped off the azure-whiskered gent, at all, but the lady who peeked. And the correct quotation undoubtedly is: "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, look out the window and if you see anyone coming, holler, 'cause I'm going to knock the little playmate for a row of fleurs de lis"

Greta Nissen—Wide World

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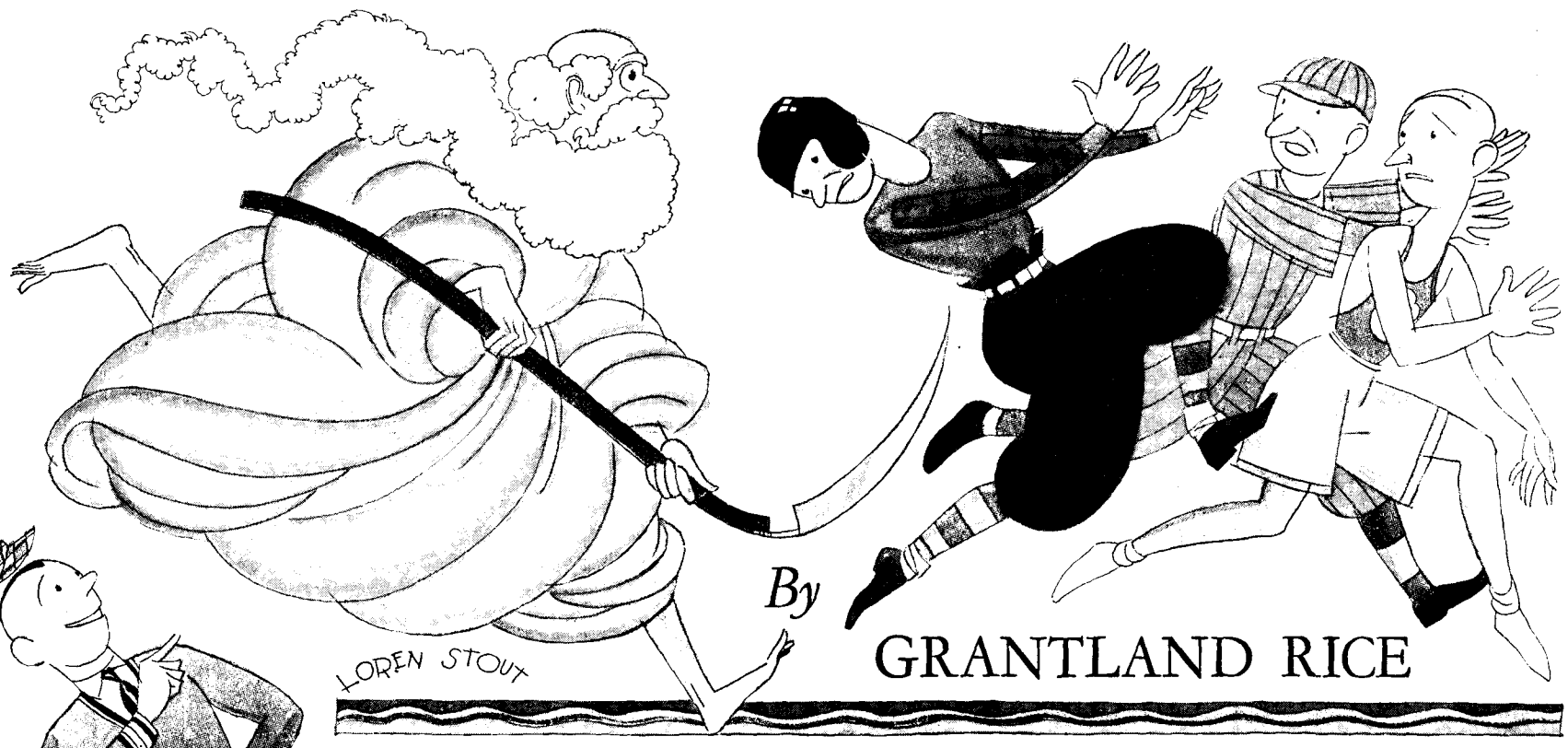

By GRANTLAND RICE

Life's too Short

The golfer ignores Father Time and gets away with it longer than any other athlete

The venerable golf kid laughs his bonnet off at sport's victims

A SHORT while ago a venerable gentleman named Sandy Herd won the British professional golf championship at match play. Herd was born in 1868 and began his tournament career in 1888 at the age of 20. Thirty-eight years later, after nearly forty years of competition, he wins a major championship from a strong field.

Forty years of competition—and still a champion! How long can they last at various games in the first wave?

Not as long as they can last at golf. There can be no Sandy Herd at baseball, tennis, boxing, football or track, fluttering around in the spotlight for twoscore years, beating back young champions of 30 and 40.

"How are you making out?" J. H. Taylor asked Herd in one match.

"This young man is playing very well," Herd remarked about his opponent of thirty-two or thirty-three. Competitors of thirty-five were still infants to the indomitable Sandy, who two years short of sixty campaigns was still bowling them over.

Golf is the only game that can boast such intrepid and durable veterans as that, but there are other competitions that do very well indeed when it comes to the eternal warfare against years.

The average span of a big-league ball player is a trifle over eleven years, although there are many veterans who have doubled this average. Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, Napoleon Lajoie and Cy Young, all ball-playing immortals, completed an average of twenty-two seasons, and Pop Anson dallied into his twenty-fourth campaign. Wagner was forty-four when he retired and Anson was forty-six.

Cobb, who kept up a high-speed record for twenty-two seasons, retired in his fortieth year. But as Cobb and Speaker were turning in their harness after reaching the dignified forties, Walter Johnson and Grover Cleveland Alexander, two other famous forty-year-old contributors to fame's headlines, were still marching boldly on, unterrified by the gathering shadows, unheeding the beckoning finger of Time.

It is a matter of record that the great ball players outlast the others. Anson, Young, Wagner, Cobb, Johnson, Speaker, Alexander, Collins, McInnis and Wheat have ranged from sixteen to twenty-two years, with a general average around twenty seasons.

Considering the speed and the agility needed for baseball, this is another boost for the growing stamina of the race.

Will the Babe Behave?

HOW long will Babe Ruth last? Ruth has been a large and bulky citizen operating on slender ankles. These slender ankles have had to carry his vast body for twelve seasons to date, and last summer was one of his great years. He not only led the league in home runs, runs scored and runs driven in, but also was only a few points back of Manush, the league leader. Ruth broke enough records during the last world series to fill a freight car, so there is no sign that the Eminent Infant is about to skid. He should be good for at least three or four more seasons, possibly longer, as love of the game will keep him hustling to the last. With the Babe it is now largely a matter of diet and training, and the plan he followed through 1926 will take him into the 1930's.

While it has been shown that ball players can survive twenty-two seasons in the polite society of swat, heavyweight boxers begin to fade rather rapidly after passing thirty-two or thirty-three. Corbett was thirty-one when Fizsimmons stopped him, Dempsey was thirty-one when he lost to Tunney. Corbett held the title five years, and Dempsey held it seven. Jeffries and Sullivan were both thirty-five when they made their concluding sorties, both at thirty-five being ancient hulks, no longer athletes in any sense of the word.

Impossible—Like a Kangaroo

FITZSIMMONS was the marvel of the lot, as he was thirty-five when he won the title from Corbett, only to lose it at thirty-seven to Jeffries. The Lanky One reached the heights too late in life to linger long. He arrived at the peak at an age where most of the others had passed on down the hill. Fitz was fifty-two years old when he fought one of his final battles with Dan Sweeney in 1914. And this was twenty-three years after he knocked out Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil.

Fitzsimmons was one of the rare exceptions to the general rule. Most of the leaders have been good for only an average of ten or eleven years, where the pugilistic prime has been from twenty-four to thirty. The late Harry Greb careened through the field for fifteen years and through the last three or four he had only one eye left for the warfare of the ring.

Sullivan was twenty-four when he beat Paddy Ryan in nine rounds, and for the next seven years he was a whirlwind on two feet. But the trail was downhill after that. Johnny Dundee at the age of thirty-three has fought four hundred fights, and he is another pugilistic patriarch who has been on the firing line for fifteen years.

But as a rule they are not so good after the pounding of six or seven active seasons.

When it comes to a matter of high-grade competition tennis is only a season or two shy of baseball.

Tilden's Getting Busy

BILL LARNED and Norman Brookes were ranked among the first ten for something like twenty years. They were up there where the masters dally longer than any other stars who have known international fame. Bill Tilden was a good tennis player ten years ago, but it was not until 1920 that he reached the heights and took over control for six years. Tilden and Johnson have both known around fifteen years of tennis competition and both have quite a distance yet to go. Tilden is making plans for the most serious tennis campaign of his career this season, when he hopes to lead in the defense of the Davis Cup and the recovery of the national championship, which René Lacoste took to France last fall.

It will be interesting to see whether or not a beaten champion at the age of thirty-two can slam his way back to the king row again against such young stars as Lacoste, Borotra and Cochet. He will at least be the main American hope against the French invasion. As a rule, tennis greatness begins to wane around thirty-three or thirty-four. Tennis has nothing like the proportion of stars between thirty-five and forty that baseball has, since in tennis there is more direct competition with speed and youth.

Tennis calls for a faster continued pace than baseball, where in the latter game there are many more breathing spots. Yet there isn't as much wear as baseball puts on the throwing arm. In baseball it is either a faltering arm or a slowing leg that drives the veteran from the big town to the bush, the batting eye being the last to go.

Maurie (*Continued on page 45*)

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Signing the Emancipation Proclamation. (Left to right) Standing, Salmon P. Chase, Caleb P. Smith, Montgomery Blair. Seated, Edwin M. Stanton, the President, Gideon Welles, William H. Seward, Edward Bates

Lincoln kissed him

Miss Tarbell, the greatest biographer of Abraham Lincoln, tells here how a cub reporter "scooped" the world and won the President's friendship

Abingdon Press

Henry E. Wing, the plucky young war correspondent

By IDA M. TARBELL

IT WAS the loveliest of Washington May days—warm, with a haze that softened to beauty even war-worn buildings, neglected trees, untrimmed shrubbery. For three years now the city had been the pivot on which swung great armies and great politics. There had been no time, money, men to cut the grass, to paint and clean, to finish work begun in years of peace. The very cranes still swung from the unfinished dome of the Capitol as they had swung when Sumter fell and North and South took to battle.

The magic of sun and air had transformed all outward neglect and untidiness, but it had failed to soften a line of the hard, black anxiety which enveloped responsible, official Washington, threatening, if not soon relieved, to become panic-stricken.

Nothing could have more thoroughly expressed the depth of alarm in the mind of the Administration than the figure of President Lincoln as in the golden twilight he came out of the White House and with bent head made his way to the War Department. The friendly passing along the Avenue who noted him shook their heads at his bent shoulders and slow, despairing walk. The unfriendly—and there were always those who were unfriendly going up and down Pennsylvania Avenue in those days—cast looks of hate, verging on exultation. In their hearts they were saying: "Another twenty-four hours and Lee will be here!"

There was reason enough for the President's bent head and slow walk. For nearly three days now there had been no word from the Army of the Potomac. It was as if it had dropped into an abyss—the silence was terrifying.

They knew that at midnight of Tuesday, Grant had started his army of veterans from Culpeper, only some 60 miles away, on what they were daring to hope, in spite of three years of repeated efforts and failures, would be the final move on Richmond. He had moved across the "Rapid Ana"—that they knew.

To Be Shot at Sunrise

BUT what had he done all day Wednesday? All day Thursday? And what was he doing to-day? How could it be that an army of 122,000 men, with an open country between it and Washington and an open river, could be lost?

"Where is the army?" men had begun to ask on Wednesday. "Why is there no news?" And with every hour of Thursday the tension, the alarm, the despairing rumors had increased. Extras had appeared in the city of New York saying that Burnside and his corps had been beaten and destroyed. But, if that were true, Washington knew nothing of it.

Men could not go about their work. Congress fumed and fretted. In the departments the clerks gathered in little groups, looking from their windows toward the Potomac and Arlington as if expecting to see a cloud of gray coats swarming upon them.

All day Thursday, all night Thursday, all day Friday, congressmen and Cabinet officers had come and gone, come and gone to and from the White House, seeking what comfort they could from the President. And he—well, he had staked everything on Grant. And now Grant had disappeared.

His mind was heavy with foreboding as he followed the graveled path from the White House to his own particular chair in the telegraph office of the War Department. The boys all knew him there. For three years there had been a succession of them that had watched for his almost daily visit and who all their lives thereafter were to tell how, pulling open a drawer in which the yellow tissue telegrams of the day awaited him, he would go over them—sometimes one long leg curled over the chair—sometimes both long legs propped on the desk—how he would ponder as he read, and now and then rise and go to the military map on the wall, tracing positions with his long finger, visualizing the movements reported—how sometimes he would stop and comment, tell a story.

They loved his coming, these young telegraph operators, but to-day their hearts were heavy for him—they had no news. The only thing that lay in his drawer was a telegram from Grant, three days old. It had come in early in the afternoon of Tuesday: "The cross-

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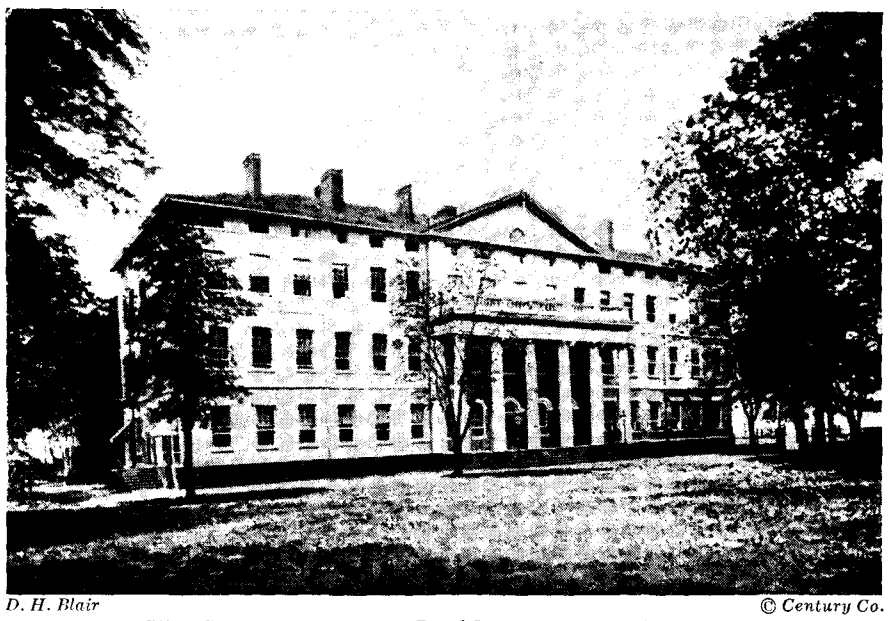

D. H. Blair © *Century Co.*

The War Department Building of Civil War days

ing of the Rapidan effected. Forty-eight hours now will demonstrate whether the enemy intends giving battle this side of Richmond."

The forty-eight hours were past—and nobody knew whether the enemy had given battle or not.

"Nothing, Mr. President," the operator at the desk told him. "Nothing that amounts to anything. A man came in to Union Mills a little while ago, claiming he had left the army early this morning. He wanted to talk to Mr. Dana, but he was not here. Then he asked to send a telegram to the Tribune. Secretary Stanton refused to let us use the wire for a newspaper and demanded the message. The fellow said he would not give it unless we first sent a dispatch to his paper. The Secretary says he is a spy, and has ordered him to be shot in the morning."

A change came over the President's face as he listened. He sat straighter; his eyes lost their dull look. "Ordered him to be shot?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"He is at Union Mills?"

"Yes."

"Ask him if he will talk with the President."

Union Mills was a little Virginia settlement, twenty miles or so from Washington, on the military road to Culpeper. A government telegraph station, established there early in the war, was still in operation. It was not much to look at—this station—a small room, used only by the operator and those who came in for messages. Just now, however, there was an extra occupant.

On a cot at the side of the room there was stretched as disreputable and suspicious-looking figure as one ever sees. A slight figure—a boy you would say. He could not have weighed more than 130 pounds. He was clad in the rough butternut garb of a Virginia plantation hand, heavy brogans on his feet, the bottoms of his trousers tied over their tops with hempen cord. He wore a faded cap, he was unshaven and from head to foot plastered with red Virginia mud. If you had looked close, you would have seen that two fingers were gone from his left hand.

The Cub Defies Stanton

HE LAY quiet enough. No one could have imagined from his despairing relaxation the turmoil of disappointment and rage inside his heart and head. He was sentenced to be shot in the morning—sentenced by the Secretary of War, whom he heartily hated. But that was not what enraged him. His wrath was that he, whom he had discovered to be the first man to get through from the army with news, had not been allowed to send a dispatch to his paper, his beloved Tribune.

Here he was with the scoop of the war, and the Secretary had refused to let him use the wire—refused even though he promised to give the Secretary, when the dispatch was sent, all that he knew—refused and ordered him to be shot as a spy.

Well, he *would* be shot before he would give Stanton a word. It didn't belong to Stanton—he was not his man, he was the Tribune's man. And Stanton was a bully, anyway. Had not Stanton said that no newspaper men should be allowed with the army? And had he not had to run away and sneak in? No, he'd die, but he would never give that man the satisfaction of having news that belonged to his paper.

And so he lay quietly, storming within. He did not understand telegraphy—this young boy; but lying there, absorbed in his thoughts, he suddenly was conscious that the ticking instrument was calling for him—Wing—Henry Wing—Henry Wing—Henry E. Wing, it said.

All his life he had had hunches. He knew there were things that men did not see with their eyes and feel with their hands. That instrument was asking for him, and he sat upright. And as he sat upright the operator said: "The President wants to know if you will talk with him. He wants to know if it is true that you have come from the army."

"Tell him, yes."

"He wants to know if you will tell him what news you bring."

"Tell him if he will first send one hundred words to the Tribune I will tell him."

The answer came back, "Write your hundred words and we will send it at once."

And so he wrote, scribbling fast the words of his message.

Back in Washington the revived President received the message at his desk, and he read between the lines the truth: here was a spirited young correspondent, who, caring first for his trust, resented the arbitrary decision of his great Secretary of War. He read it as if it were all written there before him. His eyes twinkled, his lips parted into something like a smile—"Wasn't that like Stanton?" and "Wasn't it like a boy?"

He did not wait for consultation. He ordered that the message should go, not only to the Tribune, but to the country, and again questioned Henry. "If I send an engine for you, will you come to Washington?" And Henry Wing, back in Union Mills, was good enough to say "Yes."

An hour later a little military train was on its way to Union Mills, carrying in its rickety passenger car Charles Dana, First Assistant Secretary of War, with a good-sized escort. Dana was to see Wing, and if possible go on to the Army. The train was to bring the young correspondent back to Washington.

Wing Tells His Story

BETWEEN one and two o'clock of Saturday morning, May 7th, the train came into the capital on its return trip, and Wing, unwashed, unbrushed, but entirely unconscious of the fact, stepped into a waiting carriage and was driven to the White House.

The Cabinet awaited him—Mr. Lincoln at his desk sitting upright, watching the door, the Secretaries grouped about—Seward, Stanton, Welles, Chase—tired and anxious men.

Sitting in the dimly lighted room, with the whole Administration of the United States around him, Henry Wing told his story, rising to point out now and then, on the big military map which hung on the wall, the movements of Grant's army, up to the time he had left.

What he told them was but little more than he had put into his message. It had been midnight on Tuesday that they had moved out from Culpeper—the whole army of 122,000 men (it was now Saturday morning). They were going after Lee—that everybody knew. To get at him in his comfortable winter quarters they must cross the Rapidan, a nasty stream with only three fords. He, Henry, was with the second corps, Hancock's. They had done well and passed out of the tangle into the open country near Chancellorsville—a good place for a battle. They had intrenched and were expecting the other corps to come up—Warren's and Sedgwick's.

Nobody had thought of a battle until the whole army was through the Wilderness—that is, nobody on the Union side; but Lee thought otherwise. He had come out of his entrenchments and attacked them Thursday morning, with half the Union army still bottled up in the Wilderness.

Grant Sends a Private Message

THEY had fought all day, and at night when they came together nobody knew quite how the battle had gone. They only knew at headquarters that the whole army was still on the south side of the Rapidan and that General Grant had ordered an attack the next morning.

"And you know nothing of what has happened in the last twenty-four hours?"

"No."

Henry Wing was conscious of the inadequacy of his news. It was not what had happened Thursday that they wanted to know now, but what had happened Friday, and why now, Saturday morning, they had no news of what had happened. It was almost as if they put him aside as they rose one by one, said "Good night, Mr. President," and left the room. The President himself seemed so overwhelmed with uncertainty that he was scarcely conscious that Henry Wing had lingered behind.

"You wanted to speak to me?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, Mr. President. I have a message for you—a message from General Grant. He told me I was to give it to you when you were alone."

In an instant the President was all awareness, intent: "Something from Grant to me?"

"Yes," blurted out Henry. "He told me I was to tell (*Continued on page 34*)

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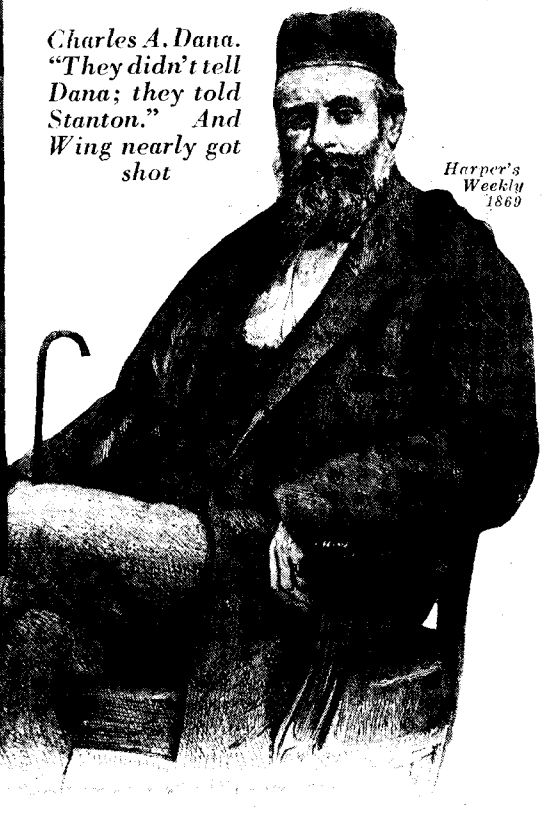
Lincoln writing the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation in the War Department telegraph office



Charles A. Dana. "They didn't tell Dana; they told Stanton." And Wing nearly got shot

Harper's Weekly 1869

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H A V E A C A M E L

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P. Frenzeny — *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 1882*

Cowboys capture a Texas town: a common diversion in the early 80's

Clowning through Life

MARRIED at last!—love in a furnished room—"Leadville's Ten-millionaire"—Foy has a close shave and breaks a few bones—"citified" Canon City—Leadville enjoys a crime wave—our hero witnesses a lynching—he meets the man who founded the Elks—Denver in the grand old days—marvels of 1880: the electric light, the telephone, and, wonder of wonders, an elevator! —Bill Devere goes to court and melts a few hearts with po'try.

By EDDIE FOY *and* ALVIN F HARLOW

WE HAD been at Leadville for several weeks when it was announced that that charming pair of singing stars, the Howland Sisters, would appear at a concert hall up the street. I was, of course, not totally unaware that they were coming. They arrived, bringing their mother with them, as usual, and made a decided hit. I hadn't seen Rose for nearly a year, and I noted with proprietorial pride that she was—as I had expected—developing into a beautiful woman.

We had some good times together after they arrived. Frequently, late in the winter, Jim Thompson and I took the three ladies to supper at the Tontine, the "fashionable" restaurant which had just been opened. Rose and I were very much in love. We were now making what we regarded as pretty good incomes (my salary alone was twenty-five dollars a week!) and we agreed that with our unusual ability we would undoubtedly be earning much more within a short time. Why delay? There seemed to be no logical answer save one; so one morning we met at a certain street corner and went around to a minister's house—for a few rough little frame churches had sprung up in Leadville and were doing their best against the powers of evil—and were married.

Of course I couldn't ask my wife to bunk on a straw mattress on the floor backstage in a smelly concert hall; so she remained with her mother and sister for a day or two while I searched high and low for a room, and finally found one just being vacated in a private home. It was bare and primitive and drafty, but you could scarcely get any other kind in Leadville that winter, and we were just as happy as if we had been in the Palmer House in Chicago. We were very young, and that rare, zippy mountain atmosphere at ten thousand feet above sea level put plenty of joy and kick into life.

In a café one day late in the winter I was introduced to a middle-aged man, elegantly dressed, with large, kindly eyes and one of those long, weeping-willow mustaches. "This is our leading citizen, Mr. Tabor," said the introducer.

Tabor, the Silver King

I HAD already seen him often. It was H. A. W. Tabor, the story of whose spectacular career equals any romance ever written. Early in 1877, only two years before, he was still keeping the post office and store at the little settlement of Oro. That year—as storekeepers often did—he grubstaked two exceedingly hard-up prospectors. Those two men found the Little Pittsburgh Mine, one of the richest of Leadville's bonanzas.

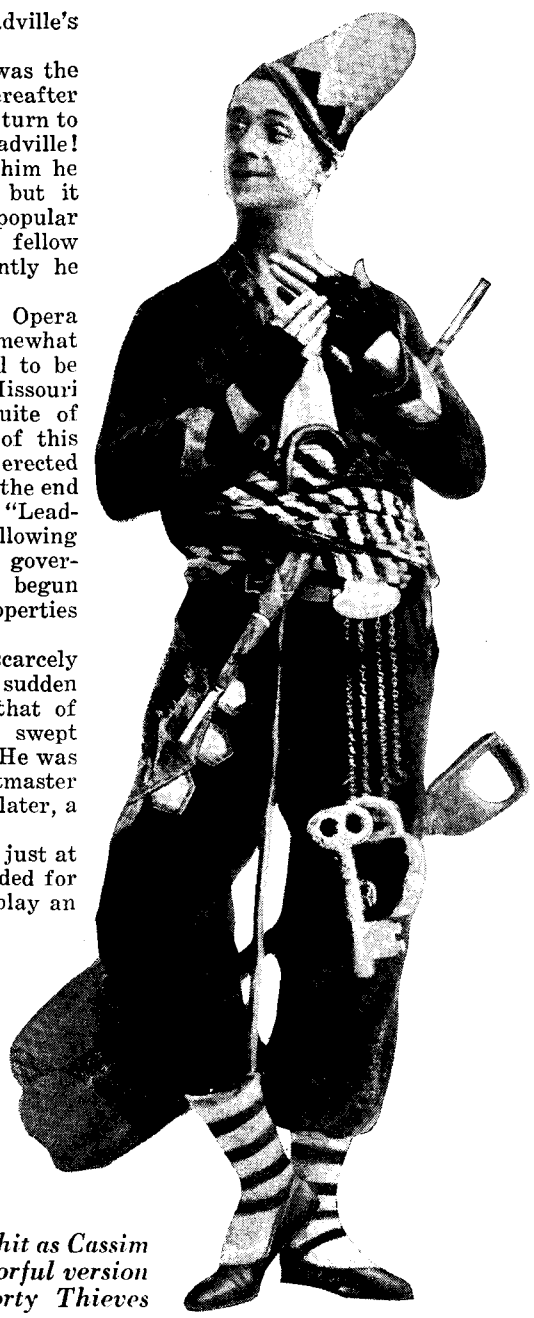
Tabor's share in that strike was the foundation of his fortune. Thereafter everything he touched seemed to turn to —well, not gold, not in Leadville! Rather to silver! When I met him he had passed the million mark, but it hadn't turned his head; he was popular because he was still a regular fellow and hadn't forgotten how recently he was a small potato himself.

That year he built the Tabor Opera House in Leadville, seating somewhat over eight hundred and claimed to be "the finest theatre west of the Missouri River." He had an elegant suite of apartments on an upper floor of this building for himself, and he also erected a handsome home in Denver. By the end of the year he was being called "Leadville's Ten-millionaire." The following year they elected him lieutenant governor of the state, and he had begun dabbling in railroad and dock properties as far away as Chicago.

He enjoyed his great wealth scarcely fifteen years. His fall was as sudden as his rise. His fortune, like that of many other Coloradans, was swept away during the panic of 1893. He was glad to obtain a position as postmaster of Denver, and died a few years later, a comparatively poor man.

Thompson and I left Leadville just at the beginning of spring and headed for Canon City, where we hoped to play an engagement of several weeks before returning to Dodge. Rose's mother and sister went back East. As the railroad was not yet completed—nor would it be for a year—we took the buckboard again over that picturesque road along the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.

There were about seven or



In 1893 Eddie made a great hit as Cassim the treasure hunter in a colorful version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

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Ella Arnold did a lot of rough riding with her big bad husband

Albert Davis Collection

Here he is: Big Bill Devere, author of Tramp Poems and many slick tricks

Albert Davis Collection

eight passengers, including another actor, a tumbler who had just closed at Leadville. It was a clear, brisk morning, and we were chatting and laughing, all in high spirits. But as we spun around a curve in the narrow road, Morgan, the driver, drove too close to the outer edge; the bank, weakened by a thaw, crumbled, the wheel dropped from the road and the buckboard turned over.

Below the road was a slope which gradually became steeper and steeper until it was a precipice. The buckboard rolled completely over once and halfway again, dragging the frightened, struggling horses after it until two of them broke their harness and got away. Had it not been for a stump on which we lodged, we would have kept right on rolling, and a few yards farther we would have started falling perpendicularly a thousand feet or so to the bottom of the canyon.

Well, after we had stopped with a jolt, we all crawled out—those of us who hadn't been spilled out already—and nobody seemed to be seriously hurt, though the poor devil of a tumbler's nose was mashed almost level with his face. Rose was laughing, and soon we all joined her. But even before the emergency stage arrived to haul us on to Canon City, I knew that something serious had happened. When a doctor examined me he found that my collar bone was broken, as well as the arm just below the shoulder.

Hijacking a Welsher

IT WAS three weeks before I could work at all, and then I merely sang and danced without the gymnastics. A little later, when my arm was released from the sling, I was able to throw somersaults without touching my hands, but I couldn't do flipflops for months afterward. To this day my left arm is a little shorter than my right.

Barlow, Sanderson & Co., the owners of the stage line—they had formerly operated the Overland Stage across the plains—did what was regarded as the handsome thing by me. They paid my expenses, added a hundred dollars in cash and gave me a lifetime pass over their lines. Inasmuch as the railroads soon drove their lines out of business, that pass has never been of much benefit to me.

As soon as I was able Jim and I opened at the concert hall at Canon City, which was operated by a man named Milt Yawberry. Canon City prided itself on being "citified"—much farther advanced than a mere mining camp—and it was therefore perfectly safe for Yawberry to wear a broadcloth suit, velvet vest, frilled shirt front and white collar. In some towns these would have been ungently taken away from him. In addition to these trappings he sported expensive Eastern-made boots and a long black mustache.

But he was none too sweet a character. Our pay was always far in arrears; he claimed his place was losing money, which we didn't believe, for we drew good crowds continuously save on the single day when Cole's Circus, the first ever seen in Canon City, was in town and drew the entire population to its tent. When our engagement with Yawberry was nearly over—we were due in Dodge the following week—we decided that he was going to stall us off until we had to leave town.

"Something's going to be done about this, Eddie," said Jim to me one evening, "and done right away." He didn't explain his remark at the time, but before the evening was over I found out what he meant. Another actor who was also a creditor of Yawberry's for a considerable amount had discovered a barrel of fine old rye whisky in a place in the rear of the building where it could easily be stolen. He had taken Jim into his confidence, and while the evening performance was on they rolled the barrel out the back way and sold it for enough to come very near settling up what Yawberry owed us.

Yawberry suspected that some of the actors were the culprits. He questioned me closely, pulling his long mustache and boring into me with his cold, steely eyes. I assured him that I knew no more about the affair than a babe unborn.

"But what about that partner of yours?" he would ask.

"Who? Thompson?" I was astounded. "Why, Mr. Yawberry, Jim Thompson would never do anything like that. I've known that boy for years, and he's absolutely straight.

"I'd as soon suspect President Hayes of stealing whisky as Jim."

"Huh!" grunted Yawberry with evident skepticism, and turned away. As I look back on it now, I am amazed at the nerve displayed by Thompson and the other fellow in daring to pull such a trick on a man of his type. He had killed one or two men already, and he was not the sort that would hesitate to take direct and violent action whenever it suited his mood to do so.

He killed another man in Santa Fe a few years later, and a jury decided that there was something criminal about the affair, so they hanged him. Yawberry had always rather fancied himself as a violinist, and to prove that his nerve was unshaken he called for his fiddle on the scaffold and played, Old Zip Coon (now known as Turkey in the Straw) just before the drop was sprung.

We spent another pleasant and profitable summer with our friends in Dodge City in '79. Some of the events I have already narrated occurred during that second season. In September we left again for Leadville, where this time we were engaged to work at the Theatre Comique, a higher class concert hall than the one of the year before and minus the gambling feature. Thompson and I had our regular act—which, however, we labored to improve every year—and Rose did a single specialty.

The boom at Leadville was now at its height. As California had its Forty-niners, so the Leadville Argonauts are spoken of in local history as Seventy-niners. The town had at least 20,000 population and was still growing like a mushroom.

Albert Davis Collection

Charles Vivian. His Jolly Corks soon became the helpful Elks

The turmoil in town seemed to have increased tenfold since the previous winter. Crime and violence had reached such a pitch that it was unsafe to own anything valuable or to go on the streets late at night. Holdups were of almost nightly occurrence, and often the victim wasn't even asked to put up his hands, but was slugged from behind and sometimes killed. Robbers broke into people's rooms and shot them or knocked them cold, right in their beds.

We actors, when we left the theatre late at night, usually went home in crowds and, as everybody else did, walked in the middle of the street. The man who didn't "tote hardware" in self-defense, if for no other reason, was a curiosity.

Not only did burglary, sneak thievery, robbery and confidence games flourish, but claim jumping and lot jumping had brought the community almost to a state of civil war. Land titles seemed to be in an awful tangle, and disputes between the owners of placer patents and men who claimed title by squatter right were being fought out or carried into the courts almost daily. Taking advantage of these tie-ups, there were desperadoes who seized many a piece of property and held it by force in defiance of both sides. These were often backed by crooked realtors who had witnesses ready to swear to anything necessary.

Judge Lynch Takes Direct Action

CITY lots were actually grabbed by these gangs when houses were being erected on them, the workmen driven off, the framework knocked down with axes and thrown into the street, and another shack hastily built with new lumber to become a stronghold for the toughs, all of whom were walking arsenals. A bunch of these fellows broke into a small dwelling one night, threw the owner into the street dressed only in his night clothes, and held possession of the house and furniture. Sometimes they drove owners away by surrounding the house at night and pouring volleys through the windows.

This general lawlessness finally drove the citizens to taking direct and illegal action, and Judge Lynch did a great deal more to correct conditions than the courts of justice had done. One Frodsham, the leader of the lot-jumping gangs, was finally arrested in the fall, but his trial was delayed, and finally a mob took him and a highwayman named Stewart out of jail one night and hanged them. There were several other lynchings.

It was there that I had my first view of a lynching in the actual occurrence, and the picture was deeply impressed on my memory.

While the show was going on one evening a man who had just come in from the street whispered to me that a mob was about to take two robbers out of the jail and hang them. I was thrilled with curiosity to see such a mob in action, and as I had nothing to do on the program for an hour, I hurried out with the thoughtlessness of youth and ran down the street until I saw the crowd coming. There seemed to be no objection to my joining them, and when they rushed into a large empty warehouse or storeroom I was swept along with them. No ceremony marked the occasion, no last words, no delay.

In later years I witnessed a legal hanging in the Cook County Jail in Chicago, but only because the sheriff, a friend of mine, had lost his nerve and begged me to stay with him; and as between the lynching and the legal execution, (*Continued on page 43*)

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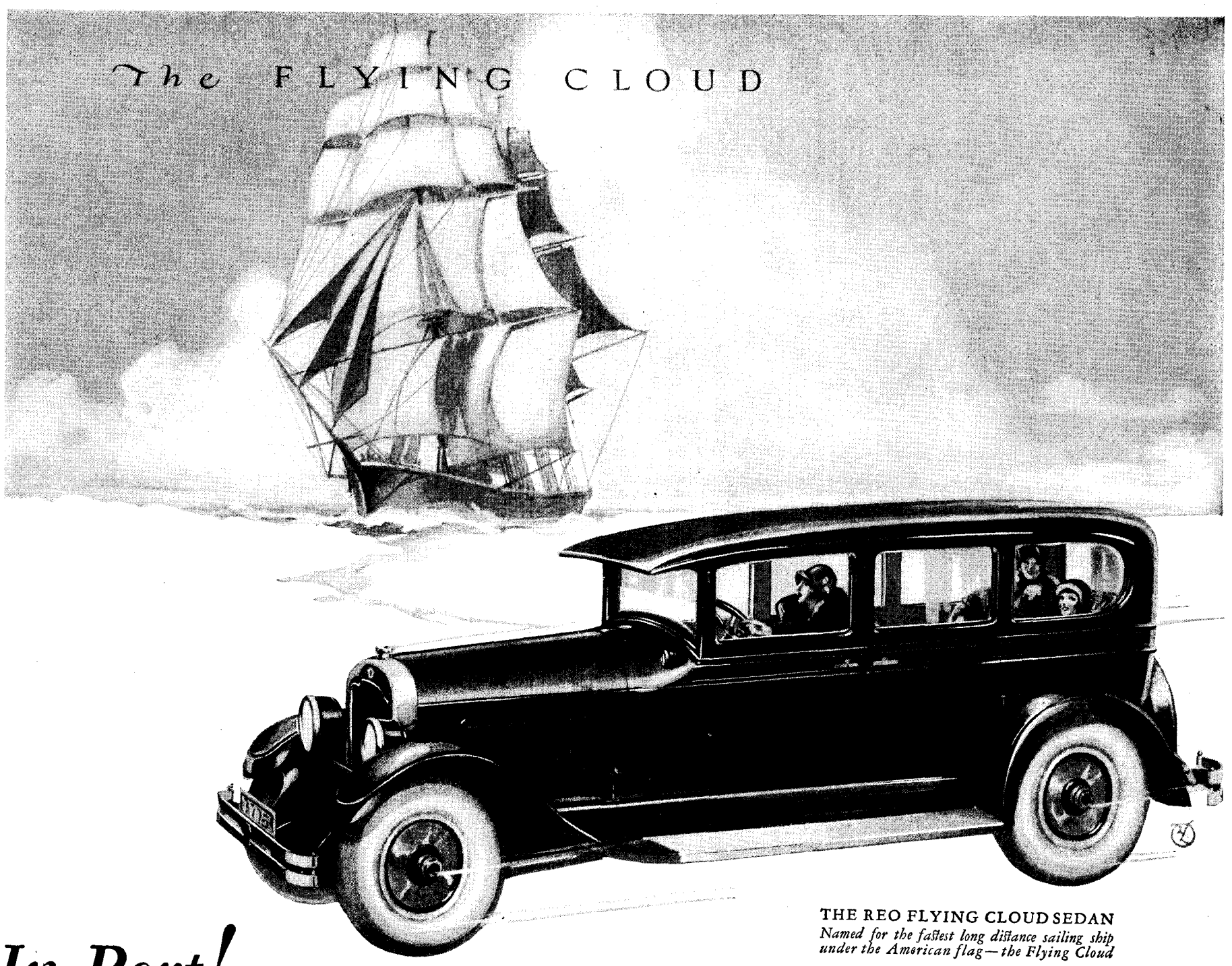

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NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO — *NOT ONE*

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They Call it Love

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Disillusionment continues and Fay and Letty meet face to face. Which one comes out on top?

A woman who was a stranger, yet Fay knew who she was; knew and cared not to name her!

The Story Thus Far:

FAY LASCELLES and her brother, Beauregard, are living uptown in New York with their mother. Fay is artist for a fashion magazine and Beau is secretary to Carl Lander.

At a party one night in Paul Manquist's apartment, loaned for the occasion to Manny Reseda, Fay's employer, Fay meets Lona Schell, a beautiful girl claiming to be making her way in the world. Fay also meets Don Gerould, of a socially prominent New York family, and falls in love with him and he with her.

But Don Gerould has his troubles. He is engaged to Letty Delavan and the day after the party finds his mother in a terrible state because his older brother, Duke, has been found out in an affair with the younger children's governess. Mrs. Gerould thinks the only way to keep Duke from marrying this "baggage" is for him to be convinced that the resulting publicity would probably mean a broken engagement for Don.

Don, with a feeling of guilt, realizes that this might be a way out for him—with his engagement broken he could turn his attentions toward Fay.

With some plan in his head he goes to Duke and confesses to him that he and Letty do not hit it off any too well and that he is in love with someone else.

Next day marks the beginning of Fay's close friendship with Lona marred a few weeks later by the fact that Beau, after a dinner with Lona arranged by Fay, firmly and unconditionally states that Lona is being kept by Carl Lander and is not at all the sort of person Fay should be seen with. Fay is wildly indignant.

That night she announces to her mother that Don's engagement to Letty Delavan is broken and that she and Don are engaged. Then begins a time of happiness for Fay broken short by the breaking of her engagement because she insists on believing in Lona and Don thinks she is being loyal to her out of stubbornness.

Next thing Fay hears is of the marriage of Letty and Don. Unhappy as she is, Fay goes on her way, still clinging to Lona and being coupled with her in gossip about town. She has by now discovered that she was wrong about Lona.

She goes one night to a party given by Lona in her luxurious apartment and there runs into Don, who has come up from his house on Long Island at the call of his mother, who is wild over the marriage of her son Duke to the governess and her son Douglas to Dora Walter, his dancing teacher.

NOW that Fay had need of entire self-possession she realized that the duality of her nature was making its attainment quite difficult; but for its drag upon her attention she would have been what she was sensible of seeming, in positive control of her emotions as well as of her wits, as easily mistress of a trying situation as Don was master of it. Which, of course, she hadn't any right to be; which, to be sure, one of her selves wasn't.

For she was acutely aware of two women that existed in her, two most definitely discriminated Fays, who, having simultaneous being on disparate psychic planes, were none the less critically mindful of each other.

One of these was a wistful revenant with grave yet glowing eyes, that untaught maid of yesteryear who, adventuring with uncertain feet in the jungle which is life as the huddled peoples live it, had found love flowering there and, drinking in its beauty, breathing its seduction, had gone fey indeed with rapture, and who tonight returned a wraith to walk again the glimpses of an unforgotten moon and yearn upon her forfeit love as, in its little day, she had yearned upon him who was still to her love its very self incarnate.

The other was this composed, instructed, mannerly young woman (if privately vain of being so) whom nothing could dismay, who looked up without a tremor, graciously smiled, and said at precisely the right pitch of light surprise: "Why, Don! of all people. . . . Where did you drop from? But of course you aren't disturbing us. Dora was just telling me great news. . . ."

"I know; I overheard by inadvertence; the great news that I've been made a brother-in-law twice in the same day. I heard about Duke's show just after dinner, but this about Doug and Dora is news indeed. Dodo, my dear child!"—he gently clipped that flabbergasted head with his two hands and turned up its pure young brow to receive a fraternal accolade—"welcome, thrice welcome, to the arena of our family life, and God be with you! You'll find it a sort of three-ring rodeo with fireworks in season. Your new-laid mamma doubles as ringmaster and chief pyrotechnician, and may be depended on, every time the program shows a sign of dragging, to bounce in and do a turn of her own, imitations of the greatest emotional actress that ever married Jethro Gerould. But your first husband has doubtless prepared you. . . . No?"

"Oh gosh and everything!" the young bride breathed, aghast—"I don't know—!"

"Then he's making a poor start as a helpmate; and as your devoted friend and well wisher—believe me, Dodo, I'm all of that—it becomes my duty and pleasure to talk to Doug like a Dutch uncle. Suppose you trot along now and dig the lad up, wherever you left him, and say I'm looking for him with a loving brother's punch in one hand and an olive branch in the other."

"Oh, Don, you don't mean his mother and father are going to forgive him—!"

"Of course *our* mother and father, Dodo, are going to forgive the pair of you."

"I mean, right off—"

"Didn't I just promise I was your best friend? D'you think for a minute I'd let 'em treat you crool, Dodo? Never so long as Joel D. Gerould lives and calls himself a man! No, put your mind at ease, my child: the ham and eggs are sure for life, not to mention the limousines and the charge accounts."

"Oh, golly!" Dora gasped, entranced. "Slick, I call it!"

"I'm sure you do," Don agreed politely.

"But listen, Don: how did you know where to find us?"

"Low cunning plus mental arithmetic. Paul Manquist mentioned over his third cocktail tonight that the honor of being my guest, down in Peaceful Valley, almost compensated him for missing out on Lona's housewarming. So, when Doug turned up A. W. O. L., I put two and two together and followed my nose. Cut along now—won't you, like a good infant—and don't bring the giddy bridegroom back in too great a hurry."

"I thought you said—"

"See here: you youngsters are hitched hard and fast, aren't you?"

"Of course! But I—"

"Then there isn't anything I can do about it—is there?—but grin and bear it and help you to do the same no matter how it hurts. But first I'd be glad of a chance—if she doesn't mind—to chat a small chat with your girl friend. And you needn't be afraid, the said olive branch will wilt in my little hot hand."

A dazed but giggling Dora departed, and the young man put off his levity like a hired disguise.

"That was an impertinence, Fay, but I had to get rid of the little beast, somehow. Hope you aren't cross. . . ."

"I'm not sure."

For all the poise she had been so proud of, she seemed able to see him, now that they were left alone, too conspicuously alone, perhaps, in that snug corner which others of a frivolous mob must have coveted, for the first time clearly; and if it was the new Fay who answered him so ambiguously yet amiably, it was the Fay of yesterday who decreed that wait, that she might survey the changes which a year had worked.

He looked thinner tonight, she thought, yet not so fit. The mouth was hard that had been so lovably firm, there was a hint of puffiness beneath his eyes, and these cried a colder, less supple temper. . . .

"If you don't care to be seen talking to me, Fay, just say so, and I'll clear out."

"No. . . ."

The word was unweighed and so low spoken that he saw it form on her lips rather than heard it.

"Then I'll sit down for a minute, if I may."

A SLOW, silent nod suffered him; a gaze dark with thoughtfulness covered him. He grew restive under it when he had fumblingly found and helped himself from his cigarette case.

"I was thinking about you tonight, Fay. . . ."

The Fay he had lost whispered to him: "I am thinking of you always." But he didn't hear because the Fay he had found was saying aloud, in accents without color, "Were you, Don, really?"

"Yes. Driving in. . . . My mother phoned down that Duke had permitted Maria Valeria to make him an honest man today, at last—that's what it amounts to, and high time, if you ask me—and Doug hadn't been home since day before yesterday. So I hopped into a car and blew in to do my possible. . . . There was a moon—I wonder if you noticed?—that reminded me of you."

"How very odd!"

"Not a bit. It was so cool and beautiful, so very much itself, so self-contained and—unattainable."

In spite of her the Fay that was no more would be heard: "There was a time when you too would have thought 'unattainable' a strange way to think of me."

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She saw him turning from her. They were all staring at the door

"Before I made you so—God forgive me! I know."

"Why do you say that?"

"'God forgive me'? Because I can't ask you to."

She was fighting hard to hold fast to herself, but her grip was slipping, minute by minute growing more infirm. The old spell of his presence was working like an ancient magic, casting out the Fay that she had schooled herself to be, leaving her defenseless, at the mercy of the Fay who had—no, who still loved him! So that, knowing she did but court disaster, she had no strength to refrain from saying:

"How do you know?"

"Because I can't forgive myself. Oh, I don't suppose it interests you today or matters to a soul but me, but—I've never forgiven myself, Fay."

"Then . . . hadn't you best . . . forget?"

"Do you suppose I haven't tried?"

"Not very hard, I should say. That is, if you're not just—talking—!"

HE ANSWERED with a hard laugh, "I can't blame you, I suppose, for thinking that."

"But," she patiently argued, "you have everything to help you forget, all manner of amusements, no end of friends, a beautiful home, I'm told—a young and lovely wife—"

"Who is in love with another man already—if she wasn't, as I've reason to believe she was, when we married."

"Don!"

"It's the truth. Letty hardly makes a pretense of deceiving me. Not that it matters. I never loved her. She never loved me. We were simply rather good friends till they married us. But I explained about all that long ago. . . . It does seem a bit thick, though. I'm not complaining on my account, you understand—I asked for what I got. And Duke deserves all he's going to get. But I do think it's rather a shame one of us three couldn't have married a right woman. Doug's only a kid and hasn't any idea what he's let himself in for. . . . And I've always been fond of the boy and hoped he'd grow up into something better than the average male Gerould!"

"Aren't you a bit hard on Dora?"

"I am not."

"But they're only children, Don, and terribly in love."

"Doug is, I grant you. Dora's a filly of another color—off color, if the right name of her shade is material. And I'm to blame; I brought them together and persuaded my mother to give the girl the job. It's true, as soon as I saw how things were going I tried to head her off." Don laughed again in self-contempt. "She had her hooks in already, and only laughed at me. I even tried bribery and that was no go."

"How, Don?"

"Got Earl Tyson to offer her a fat contract to dance in his annual revue. She turned up her nose at a chance she'd have sold her soul to the devil to get three months before."

"I remember her telling us. . . ."

"Didn't you wonder a little at her great renunciation?"

"She said she was too much in love to let her profession come between them."

"Profession is good," Don grimly commented. "And you believed her?"

A brief pause came to an end when Fay said quietly: "I'm afraid I shall never get over believing in love, Don."

"The kind—they call it love!—these girls you pal with give men of money and the sons of men of money?"

"Please, Don!"

"I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to be nasty; but—when I think how Doug's been cheated, my temper gets the best of me."

"It hardly seems worth while—does it?—reopening that old quarrel at this late date, when it doesn't matter any more which of us is right?"

The man slewed about to face her squarely. "You've had a year or so of Lona, Fay. . . ."

"I know," she assented in sad honesty. "I was mistaken about Lona. But you must remember, you were mistaken, too, Don—mistaken about me."

"I was not."

"You assumed, because I still believed in my friend and defended her, I—how shall I say it?—"

"I assumed nothing of the sort. But I knew the old saying held good, about people who touch pitch. I told you you couldn't put yourself in the same class with Lona without inviting the world to take you at your own valuation. As it does."

Fay got up, not with the haste of anger, but as though in reflex action to a smart, unexpected blow.

"What did you say?" a stunned voice asked, but went on without pause for reply: "Do you mean that?"

"If you want the truth. . . ." The man rose in turn. "Fellows talk about you in the same tone they use when they talk about Carl Lander's girl: only they give you credit for more cleverness; no one pretends to know who your lover is."

"People," she said slowly—"people think that of me—!"

"Do you expect them to believe you are peculiarly privileged to touch pitch and not be defiled?"

She gazed on him for a silent instant, then turned a dazed face aside and delayed as if fighting for coherent thought.

"And you, Don?" She swung back at last. "Is that what you think of me too?"

"If you don't want me to"—a savage gesture took in a scene of festival that was not too remotely Bacchanalian—"God in Heaven! what are you doing here?"

"I wonder!" She spoke in bitterness yet with lips that barely stirred and with no resentment in her look for him. "Waiting to be insulted, I suppose. . . . No: I don't mean I am offended, only hurt. . . . The truth always does hurt, I suppose, when one doesn't want to hear it. So don't say you're sorry. You needn't be. I had to be told and—I'm grateful, really. But I don't want to hear any more. . . . And you're forgetting your brother. If you don't look him up pretty soon"—she had a twisted smile—"there will be more talk about me—I shouldn't wonder! Good night—and thank you—and try to be happier!"

Cool fingers slipped like water through the man's and left him catching at emptiness.

Before he could collect himself she was gone beyond recapture, moving with expert ease, with her head high and her smile ready, through the crush of dancers.

BEFORE this final transit of the floor was finished she had to acknowledge sprightly cries from a score of sprightly ladies and fob off the importunities of half as many gentlemen unattached, variously apoplectic of countenance and woolly of speech, each bent on wooing her to step with him a witching measure; all of which she carried off with the aplomb of a veteran and a brow unclouded by any shadow of the mind behind it; neither did she fail, en passant, to mark Lona having a gay time in the dining-room, where the more sincerely liquorish were toasting the bride and bridegroom.

She looked for nothing then to hinder the speedy escape she was intent on: Lona couldn't know she was going so early and, if she found a minute to miss Fay when she was gone, would doubtless be grateful to be spared the obligation of pretending she cared whether her oldest satellite went home forthwith or stopped on until the revels waned.

For Fay might no more question where she stood with Lona. Lona herself tonight had stripped their friendship of its last illusion, had made it plain that she had outgrown Fay and knew it, was surfeited with the thankless worship which was all simple friendship had to give her and ready to cry quits with the worshiper. No other explanation offered for that astounding display of arrogance to which she had treated Fay while dressing; no other was needed. One had only to glance back, down the by no means lengthy vista of Lona's time in New York, to trace step by step the wild growth of bumptiousness which had flowered in tonight's overweening exhibition: something that was only the more stupid and unpardonable when it was remembered that Lona couldn't have hoped it would impress one who had been familiar with her small beginnings or serve any purpose other than to aggrandize her, at Fay's expense, in the sight of a Negro servant.

NOR was this everything that omened a swift end to their intimacy. Fay could forgive much, but never the heartlessness that gave Beau clandestine encouragement in an infatuation which from the first had eaten all content out of his days like a corrosive poison, that couldn't conceivably result in anything for him but misery and humiliation, all too possibly in an even more crushing misfortune. Carl Lander was nobody's fool, nobody's but his own, least of all Lona's. It wasn't believable that he could have been indifferent to the sense of those roses or satisfied to let their anonymity pass uninvestigated. He had, in fact, more than hinted that he wasn't. And if he should ever ferret out the truth, Beau would be in for a bad time.

He was a good friend, Carl, as both Fay and Beau had cause to know, a fair-minded man of impulses in the main kindly, but a vain man and a sensitive, and once his enmity was earned, a hard and unrelenting hater. And Fay knew her brother too well to believe he had ever gone to the length of sending Lona roses without having been given to believe she would find them acceptable. The girl was deliberately leading him on, then, to no end but that her vanity might batten on his hopeless adoration; knowing all the while that every word, every look, every sign she gave him in specious kindness only made the calamity he was courting more certain.

And this had been going on—how long?—from that day of their first meeting at the Ritz, indisputably, when Lona had been so openly pleased with the tribute to her beauty which Beau had paid too eloquently in boyish stammerings and silences, in his strangely gauche attempts to seem indifferent to her—going on ever since to his injury whose sister Lona had called her dearest friend!

Fay knew now the reason for those infrequent flashes of his old spirit which had relieved the monotony of Beau's summer-long despondency; that melancholy fretting which had come to be so much his daily habit that it hardly ever called for comment, but was accepted by his mother (*Continued on page 42*)

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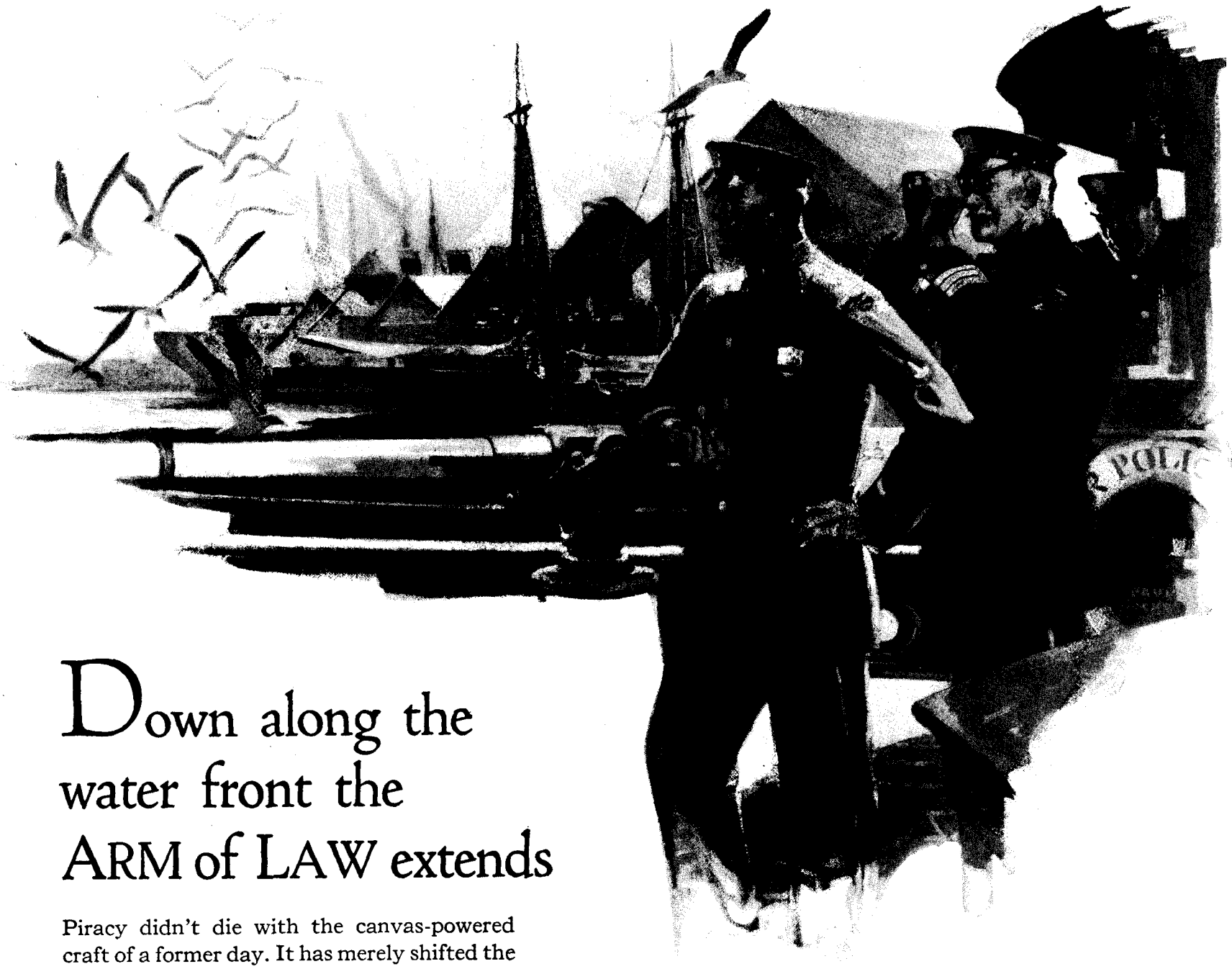

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But if the black flag of piracy still rides the waves, so too does the fair standard of law and order. The great seaboard cities, ports of entry where proud ships disgorge precious freight from all corners of the world, have their harbor watchmen—marine police—the devil dogs of the army of the law.

Danger is their daily lot. Eternal vigilance is, for them, the price of life. From dark to dawn they patrol the no-man's land of river, harbor and bay, running every risk, facing any fate for the protection of life and treasure. Brothers-in-arms of the land police.

Still, with all the forces that have been created to oppose lawlessness, crime has not been stamped out. If it rears its ugly head, fangs bared, to strike at you, are you safe? If organized protection is not instantly available, can you defend those you love?

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Primrose Pavilion

Illustrated by CLARK FAY

"I'm not staying long, Sarah," the parson said. "But I've come to put a charge on you"

Page Mr. Coolidge! For here's some real Vermont character

By JOHN FARRAR

STRAWBERRY preserves bubbled a rich red on the stove. Sarah Anne Parkins, tenderly lifting white scum from the mixture, was interrupted by the sputtering telephone. It was not the Parkins' number, but that mattered little on the multi-party line linking farm to farm for business and gossip, in the foothills of Vermont's Green Mountains.

"The dance pavilion's burnin' and—"

Sarah Anne did not wait to hear more. "It's judgment," she muttered and flew out the door. Bridgeton valley swept down before her, a haze-softened panorama of midsummer beauty. The main road below had been quiet all morning. Now she heard a lively succession of sounds from rattling teams and motors. Fires were rare in Bridgeton. The countryside, alive to disaster, its morning chores forgotten, was pouring toward the thin wisp of smoke, rapidly growing blacker, that marked the site of Primrose Pavilion.

Sarah Anne tossed her head grimly as she watched the deepening smoke. She smoothed her apron, turned her back rigorously on tantalizing events, walked firmly to the kitchen and took up her ladle. Determination marked every movement of her spare frame, lithe too at fifty-odd years. She wasn't going to spoil a mess of preserves to watch something burn that should have burned before it ever was built. Besides, Jed would tell her all about it when he came back from the creamery. She hung a moment over the scarlet brew, then went to the phone. Without attempting to separate the buzz of conversation she heard there she added her shrill bit.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" she vouchsafed, and banged down the receiver.

"Served 'em right!" she noted mentally. "Dancing, indeed!" Dancing was bad enough, even square dancing. She guessed that wasn't all that had gone on in the frame pavilion with its pesky racket every summer night for the past three years. Parson Grey had preached against it often enough. What were parents thinking of these days to let their children prance around under Japanese lanterns with their arms squeezing each other? She thanked the Lord as she fussed over her jam that her two boys were in the city. They hadn't always been as religious as she wanted 'em; but she knew they wouldn't DANCE! There were folks in Bridgeton who said Primrose Pavilion had brought prosperity and tourist trade. Well, Bridgeton could do without strangers.

Strangers were most of 'em immoral, anyhow!

Jed wasn't religious either, but he didn't have any sympathy with such goings-on. And in the last two years, since the oil stock had begun to pay, he'd given tidy sums of money to Parson Grey for carrying on the Lord's work. Dancing instructors from New York! They'd better stay where they belonged in that sink of iniquity. Bridgeton could do without jazz. The young folks had better go to prayer meetin' instead of hoppin' up and down and drinkin' lemonade and maybe worse!

SHE heard the sound of a car coming up the lane. It was time to think of getting lunch. The fire must be over, and that would be Jed coming back. Didn't sound like Jed. More rattle. Jed's motor was as smooth as silk. She reached the door just in time to see Parson Grey approaching. She whipped off her apron, smoothed her damp hair back from her forehead, and met him sedately.

"Come round to the front parlor, Parson Grey," she said.

The quiet old man looked worried. "Let's sit down right here, Sarah," he said gently.

Sarah's heart fluttered, sensing trouble. "Jed isn't hurt?" she gasped.

"No, Sarah," he replied. "Leastways, not his body."

They sat on the steps, where the odor of cooking fruit from the kitchen mingled with the pungent smell of wild strawberries ripening in the sun.

"I'm not staying long, Sarah," he said. "But I've come to put a charge on you. Primrose Pavilion is burned to the ground."

"Yes," she said, puzzled and breathless.

"It mustn't be rebuilt," said Parson Grey sternly.

"What's that got to do with—"

He interrupted her gravely. "Jed owned Primrose Pavilion!"

For a moment the world ceased to be a real place to Sarah Anne. Her notions of life fell about her. She clutched her dress as if to gather them up again.

"I don't believe—"

"I wouldn't lie to you, Sarah Anne. I found out a week ago. There never was any oil stock. Jed Parkins bought that land at the crossroads and paid for putting it up. It's the devil's work, Sarah Anne, and I put a charge on you to see that it's never rebuilt."

What would the neighbors think? Jed, their money, that place!

"Who knows?"

"Not many," he replied. "And I'm not spreading it. I'm going now, Sarah Anne, but you've got your duty before you."

SHE stood rigid as he climbed into the car and drove away. Shame sent flame to her cheeks, then anger intensified the color. Jed Parkins aiding the devil in his work. Jed Parkins dancin' himself, maybe! Here they'd been livin' in comfort on ill-gotten gains. She'd see that he gave every penny of that money to the church. What a piece of her mind she'd give him! Sarah Anne Parkins' husband runnin' a dance hall, and sittin' just as if he didn't know it in a church pew every Sunday.

She stalked into the kitchen as the telephone rang their number. Jed was on the wire.

"I'm comin' home now, Sarah Anne," he said.

"Humph!" The receiver rattled smartly into place.

She supposed she'd have to feed him. Serve him right if she gave him cold salt pork. Swiftly she cut potatoes for salad, but every movement of the knife was a gesture of defiance. She stirred a dressing with noisy abandon. She cut slices of spiced ham, flopped them on to a plate, then nearly broke it as she flung it on the table. She pushed the precious jam back on the stove with a magnificent gesture and put the coffee on to boil. A dish of sweet cucumber pickle—he was coming!

Sarah Anne backed up against the kitchen table between Jed and his food, steeling herself for the encounter. He came wearily in and threw his hat on a chair—

"Hello, Sarah"—one look at her and he knew. Terror, and perhaps the hint of a smile in the sharp blue eyes!

"You"—she paused for breath—"you defiler of youth! Jed Parkins, to think that I'd live to see the day when I'd be the wife of a dancin' master. At your age too, turnin' to the devil's ways. I hope you're satisfied now. It's burned good and plenty, fortune be! And there'll never be another one while I live and breathe. I suppose you dance the charleston. Why don't you do a jig for me now instead of standin' there like a log of wood? You—a respectable church member. Jed Parkins, what would your boys think of you? Serve you right if they rode you out of town on a rail, you turnin' into a corrupter of morals and makin' me almost equal to Jezebel. I'd like to take you over my knee and spank you, even though you're near sixty year. I'd like to—"

Her breath failed her, and with its going something of her anger vanished too.

The rigid New England body sagged against the table. Jed stood across from her, tired, blank, helpless in the face of her fury. She looked at him.

Saying nothing, avoiding her eyes, he crossed quietly to the table. She moved to let him sit down and went mechanically to the stove for the coffee. As she bent over to fill his cup she saw that he wasn't eating, and that there was an ugly cut on his lined tan face. There was cotton with court plaster on the shelf over the table. She reached for it, then paused. Her next sally came, tentative, almost in a whisper:

"Jed," she said, "Jed Parkins, was that pesky contraption insured?"

About a Yankee Sinner

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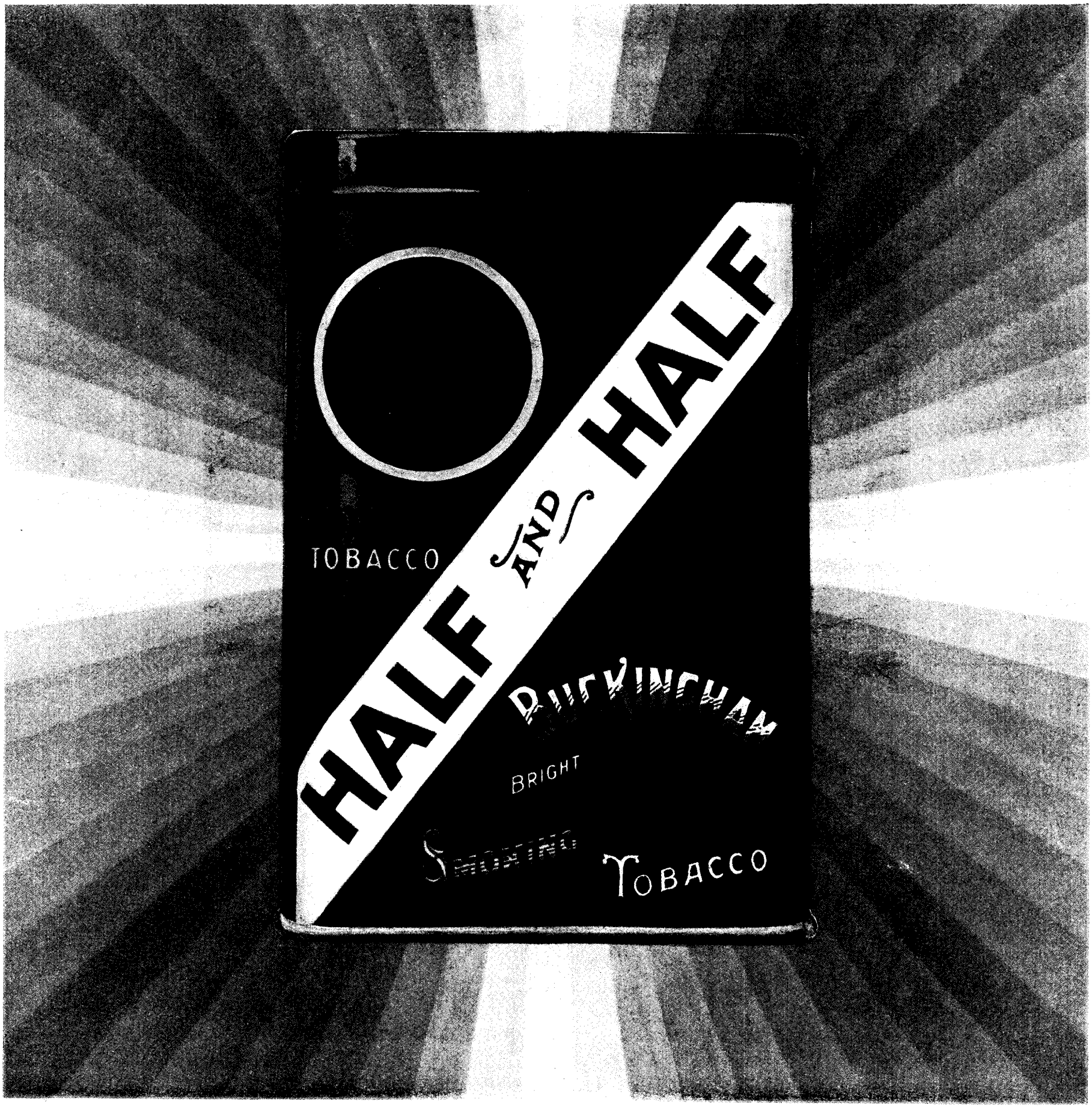

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Awakening

Illustrated by RUTH EASTMAN

"Tonight! Be there at nine"

A Short Short Story

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

IN AN age of jazz-mad youth Norman Bender was alone. One elderly man of his acquaintance—a man with hawklike eyes and an uncanny faculty for seeing below the surface—remarked that Norman had been born a generation too late.

It was certainly true that the boy did not seem to belong. He was, in a measure, like the heroes of the fusty, out-of-date Alger books. Shy, sensitive, wistful; totally unmindful of the fact that he was handsome and well built, Norman came from the country and secured employment in a leading drug store. The city—a place of some two hundred thousand persons—dazzled him. For months after his arrival he spent his off evenings moving in a happy daze about the brilliantly lighted streets.

But of all the things which dazzled Norman, there were two which were outstanding. First came the gleaming palaces devoted to the exhibition of motion pictures. There, night after night, the shy, retiring figure of the lad could be seen in some obscure corner gazing spellbound at the flickering drama. He sat forward, fine figure tensed, jaw squared, a delicate smile playing about the corners of his sensitive mouth . . . here he could project himself into the world of romance; tear himself from the grim realities with which he came in daily contact.

THE other thing which bewildered the boy was young womanhood—girls of his own age with whom he came in daily if impersonal contact.

They swept through the store from morning to night in a strident, perfumed, restless, chattering, never-ending stream. They knew what they wanted and announced it loudly. They were—some of them—delectable visions of revealing frocks and chiffon hose. They spoke to one another—and to boy friends whom they chanced to meet at the soda fountain—with easy, insolent camaraderie. They were free without understanding their own freedom. Theirs was the queer, immature, distorted wisdom of ultra-modern youth. But Norman Bender looked upon them with eyes which did not see. To him they were women: frail, delicate creatures of a forgotten age; girls gentle and clinging, demanding masculine protection.

To most of the girls who noticed him at all he was pretty much of a joke. A few tried to kid him—as they expressed it. Their efforts were met with a series of deep blushes accompanied by a swift, shy withdrawal. They stopped kidding him because it wasn't any fun.

But there were a few who couldn't quite forget him. These were mostly a trifle beyond the flapper age: women whose minds probed a bit deeper than the latest saxophone effects.

There was one in particular: a slender, worldly blonde who found the lad refreshingly different and who invariably insisted that he wait upon her. She had a way of swinging into the store, exuding life and health and good nature, and of seeking him out.

"Good morning," she would say, focusing her big blue eyes on him.

"Good morning, ma'am."

The "ma'am" amused her. But it was interesting.

"I want some face powder and a lip stick and . . ."

She delayed longer and longer over her purchases. She studied the lad. And gradually she saw that he was becoming acutely conscious of her.

She knew—long before he suspected it—that she had pierced the veil of his immolation. After a month or so he found himself sufficiently at ease to converse with her. She called him Norman and he accepted her use of his first name calmly. Across the toilet-goods counter their acquaintance ripened into a strange friendship—apparently impersonal yet shot through with a queer depth.

At night, then, Norman continued to visit the picture shows, but to his rapt eyes the heroines were now always blond and slim and he knew that they had blue eyes. . . . And the girl caught herself thinking of the boy and wondering. . . .

SHE was the embodiment of the boy's gossamer dreams. She was soft and gentle and delicate. Their friendship unfolded like a fairy flower. It was she who held the reins and eventually it was she who had to make the direct advance.

"What do you do with yourself nights, Norman?"

"Oh . . . just walk around. Go to pictures mostly."

"You enjoy pictures?"

"Yes, ma'am. Very much."

Her voice took on a sharp, accusing note. "Do you go alone?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"You don't take your girl?"

"No'm." He flushed. "I—I haven't any girl."

She breathed deeply as she leaned across the counter. "How would you like to call on me?"

His heart seemed to stop beating. "Oh . . ."

"Tonight!" She spoke swiftly, as though not daring to trust herself. "Be there at nine." She turned and was gone, after giving her address and apartment number.

Norman Bender moved in a daze throughout the rest of the day. He realized that he didn't even know her name. She always bought over the counter, never asking to have goods delivered. He purchased a new necktie on the way to his boarding house.

On the stroke of nine he moved timidly into the fashionable apartment house and sought the number she had given. He touched the bell with a trembling finger.

She herself opened the door. She looked radiant: a slim, vivid flash of beauty. She seemed to be laboring under tense excitement as she closed the door behind him.

"Come in, Norman . . ." And then, as he stood uncertainly in the hallway, she hurried on in explanation: "I'm terribly sorry I couldn't let you come before nine o'clock, but my husband wasn't leaving until eight-thirty!"

NORMAN BENDER stopped short. At first her statement was a mere assembling of words—meaningless of themselves. "Your—your *husband?*" he questioned incredulously.

"Why, yes." She tried to laugh. "Don't tell me you didn't even know I was married!"

It was as though someone had flung a glass of icy water in his face. His voice was soft as usual, but there was a firmness about the lips she had never seen before. He moved around her and took up his hat.

"I'm sorry I can't stay, ma'am."

She dropped her hand on his arm. "You're not going? Surely . . ."

"Yes'm. I think I'd better."

"You're not *afraid?*" Her voice held a hysterical note. "Not afraid of my husband?"

He met her eyes squarely. "No, ma'am. It isn't him I'm afraid of . . ."

He walked downtown with eyes straight ahead. He reached the drug store. The proprietor arched his eyebrows in surprise.

"Well, look who's here," he remarked lightly. "Why aren't you at the movies, Norman?"

And the young man met his employer's eyes with a new—and somewhat harsh—directness.

"I'm sick of the movies!" he said sharply.

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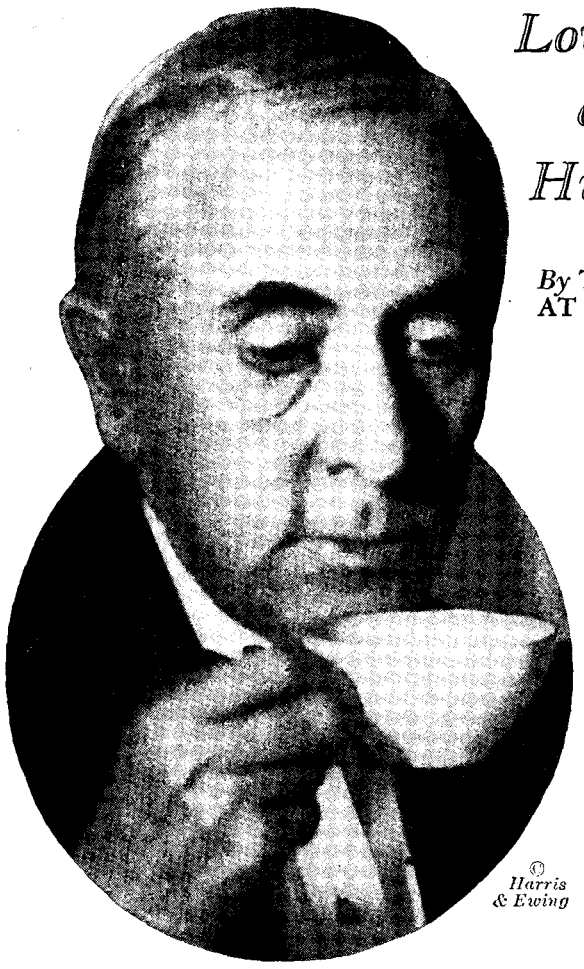
Low-downs on the High-ups

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



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C. Bascom Slemp, mystery man, has political cunning, but is too slick by half

SOME months ago Mr. C. Bascom Slemp got out a book about President Coolidge—a very laudatory book.

Everybody remarked upon the circumstances as disclosing what a sweet spirit Mr. Slemp had, for as private secretary to the President he had not had a very happy time.

The President was often short and snappish with Mr. Slemp, treating him as a sort of head office boy. And Mr. Slemp is a great man, a millionaire, I believe, in his own right, a congressman of standing, a master of the Republican party in Virginia, high in the Republican hierarchy, an ambitious man. But he and the President were not congenial spirits. Neither was Mr. Slemp congenial to those two other Massachusetts men, National Chairman William M. Butler and Personal Friend Frank W. Stearns.

For Mr. Butler Mr. Slemp felt the contempt a professional always feels for an amateur. And Mr. Butler's feeling toward Mr. Slemp was indicated by the well-authenticated report at the Cleveland convention that Mr. Butler would see to it that Mr. Slemp was fired.

Mr. Coolidge wrote an affecting foreword, or something of that sort, for Mr. Slemp's book. Now people are beginning to guess what was the purpose of Mr. Slemp in turning author and how the pleasant words of Mr. Coolidge perhaps unconsciously served that purpose.

Damon and Pythias—2d Edition

MR. SLEMP'S great ambition is to control the Republican delegates from the South, for the man who controls the Republican delegates from the South may say who shall be President of these United States, and the man who says that may—well, he may do almost anything.

Now, it was awkward for a man who wishes to control the Southern delegates to have it whispered that his relations with the President were not as balmy as the January sun at Palm Beach. The last thing any Republican politician of the South would be seen doing would be speaking to a man whose relations with the President were unhappy. Hence the highly eulogistic book. But the foreword by Mr. Coolidge was an inspiration. It was a sort of certificate of political character. What were mere idle rumors about the reasons for Mr. Slemp's getting out of the private secretaryship beside this book by Damon with a foreword by Pythias?

It is assumed that every Republican politician in the South has read in a complimentary copy Mr. Coolidge's words about Mr. Slemp. So the crisis in Mr. Slemp's ambition to be the controlling factor with the Southern delegates has passed.

That ambition started when Mr. Slemp, then the only Republican congressman from Virginia, used to watch with envious eyes Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock buying a hundred-foot-long railroad ticket for various parts of the South, when the rumor would start that Mr. Hitchcock was on one of his quadrennial trips rounding up the Southern delegates. Mr. Slemp meant some time to succeed Mr. Hitchcock as the rounder-up of Southern delegates.

When Mr. Will H. Hays was national chairman he gave Mr. Slemp his first start on the road toward achieving his ambition. He "recognized" (that is the technical word for it) Mr. Slemp as the man who must be consulted about the South, made him a sort of Republican tuchun of the whole region.

And the book, especially the foreword, has confirmed Mr. Will H. Hays' grant of power. Now, what is Mr. Slemp going to do with the Southern delegates that he rounds up south of the Mason and Dixon line? That is what everyone in Washington is anxiously asking.

It would be the rankest ingratitude if Mr. Slemp, having written a nice book about Mr. Coolidge and got a nice foreword out of him, should use those delegates against him. Of course the chances are that he won't do anything of the sort—if Mr. Coolidge is going to be renominated without much opposition. But suppose the Lowden opposition becomes formidable? What would Mr. Slemp do then? And Mr. Slemp ties in very close with Mr. Will H. Hays, who is hopping around the political landscape very mysteriously.

And, speaking of mystery, Mr. Slemp is built to play the rôle of mystery himself. Lean and light of step, his footfalls make no more noise than those of a ghost. His large inky-black eyes have no depths to them; you never can guess what is going on behind them. His soft, quiet voice seems to come from no farther back than one eighth from the end of his tongue. You communicate only with his surface.

His manner may defeat his ambition, which knows no bounds, for a touch of stupidity makes the whole world kin. An air of blundering frankness is disarming. He is too slick by half. And he has political cunning, for no one can be elected as a Republican congressman from Virginia without it.

His ambition is to rise—by making a President through his control of the South—to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. To do so he should buy a pair of hobnailed boots to give volume to his catlike tread and cultivate a smile that does not look as if you could pick it off his face like a piece of wrinkled chiffon.

Cotton Poor

Continued from page 9

much it will take from each district, and it figures according to district quality We've produced too much cotton—about 4,000,000 bales too much—and you've got to stand your share of that overproduction."

"Maybe so," said Sim, "but something's got to be done about it or I'm a goner. Can't go ahead raising good cotton at a loss. I got a family. Cotton cost me 18 cents—"

The banker arose. The congressman got off his chair. Sim remained seated. Might as well sit there as elsewhere.

"I know all about that 18 cents," said Tetlow. "And I know all about the 5 bales you have on your hands. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Sim. I'll take those 5 bales off your hands, but I can't pay 11 cents. I've got to store that cotton until the market can absorb it."

"I thought you said the market couldn't use more than 14—"

"Sim," said Mr. Tetlow, "you're a cotton farmer, and I'm a banker. You understand your business, and I understand mine. You raise cotton, and I raise money."

Mr. Tetlow enjoyed that. He smiled thinly and pointed to Congressman Hemhaugh.

"And," he went on, "Congressman Hemhaugh here raises hell."

The congressman was convulsed.

"I'll take your 5 bales, Sim," said Mr. Tetlow, "at 9 cents a pound. That's below the market, but you've got to remember that I have to pay storage and insurance and cartage. I'll take a chance on holding your cotton and credit you with—let me see—with $225 against the $1,500 you owe me."

Thad the Boat Rocker

THAD SIDEBOTTHAM stopped in to talk to Sim Porter that night. Thad was an ambitious, cheerful man but not a cotton farmer. His father had farmed 150 acres and must have made money at it because Thad had gone up to Virginia to study law, and while he had never enthralled the country with his legal pleadings he had done fairly well in politics.

Thad was Congressman Hemhaugh's consistent opponent for Congress. He had never got the nomination, although there were a lot of farmers who thought him the better man. Thad never had much financial backing, also he was a little flighty, they said. Sort of independent. Not one of those harum-scarum socialists or anything like that but—well, somewhat disrespectful of the high-ups. Taylor Tetlow, for example, had often said that Thad wasn't to be trusted. The Argus-Planter, the county-seat newspaper in which Tetlow owned stock, had had a piece about Thad calling him a boat rocker.

Of course Thad was a Democrat—in fact, he said he was more of a Democrat than Hemhaugh or Tetlow or any of them, and he was given to quoting Thomas Jefferson to prove it. A queer fellow, Thad, but you just couldn't help liking him. If only he wasn't so flighty. Had ideas, that's what it was.

Thad had some clients too, although he was seldom in court. One of them was the cotton coöperative, which didn't amount to much. Only one farmer in ten belonged to the coöperative. There seemed to be something wrong with coöperatives. There was the one which had handled tobacco and was all set to dictate tobacco prices.

But that had gone into the hands of the receivers and there were a lot of ugly charges of maladministration and misappropriation. Anyway, it had had control, or had said so, of 75 per cent of that district's tobacco growers, and it went under when the 25 per cent of the planters, holding less than half the crop, had sold out in the open market, incidentally breaking the market.

And there had been other coöperatives which hadn't lived. Sim remembered a speech by Congressman Hemhaugh in which he told of the futility of a coöperative up in the Northwest—the Nonpartisan League. A couple of earnest men named Townley and Lempke were at the head of that and it covered five or six states and elected men to Congress. But it hadn't seemed to work.

There was the Dairymen's League in New York too.

"I know just how you feel, Sim," said Thad. "I happen to know you farmers just about as well as you know yourselves. I have the advantage of knowing quite a lot about things outside the cotton belt too, Sim. I know all about those busted coöperatives up North. The trouble with most of them is that they don't seem to realize that no man or combination of men can fight old Mother Nature and the market too and expect anything but a beating.

"I know all about what Hemhaugh and Tetlow and the others say about this farm legislation that was defeated in the last Congress. They say it couldn't work, that it was socialistic, paternalistic and uneconomic. Maybe, so, Sim, maybe so. One of the beauties of such words is that you can define them to suit yourself.

"Just at present, Sim, you haven't got any more real interests than a coon. Not as much in fact, so you needn't worry about those words at all. The only thing you've got to be scared of is the future, and no matter what you do you're not going to duck the future. It's bound to sneak up on you one way or another."

Sim's pale blue eyes were alight. Maybe Thad was a scatterbrain, but he could talk right into a poor man's ear.

"This here farm legislation," said Sim, "has a coöperative in it, ain't it?"

"It has," agreed Thad, "and I guess that's why all you rich cotton growers who aren't going to trust your affairs to untrustworthy coöperatives are backing up Hemhaugh, who was one of the twenty-three Southern representatives to vote against farm legislation. Four Southern senators voted against it too. That's what the voters wanted, and that's what they got, and that's that."

"Who's going to manage this here coöperative the farm bill talks about?" asked Sim shrewdly.

"Nobody, I guess. We'll probably never see it. The idea is to have a governing board appointed by the President and have the Treasury hand out $75,000,000 to start it off with—start the coöperative, that is."

"Where are you going to get members?" demanded Sim. "And how are you going to support it after that $75,000,000 gives out?"

"Sim," sighed Thad Sidebottham, "I know just what you're thinking of, and maybe you're right. Maybe Hemhaugh's right. Maybe even old Taylor Tetlow's right. Maybe it wouldn't work after we got it—if we did get it.

Something Ought to Be Done

"THE backers of the bill up in Washington get warm under the collar when it is said that the idea is to force cotton planters into the coöperative by indirect legislative pressure—get into the coöperative or keep away from the market—that idea. Still, that's what it would amount to. As for finances, Sim, you'd have to pay. The coöperative would assess you one or two dollars a bale—"

"Taxes," roared Sim. "More taxes."

"Yep," said Thad, "more taxes. One or two dollars a bale more. And that's in addition to what the county is already taxing you to support the schools and roads and such. Yet, Sim, it means taxes. I don't know as I can think of anything that doesn't mean taxes.

"With all the cotton in the control of the coöperative, Sim, the combined cotton farmers could sit in with the buyers at the usual time the buyers sit and talk prices; that's the idea, anyway. They figure to talk prices and market appetite and fit one to the other so that you'd be raising cotton on what

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the war-materials people called a cost-plus basis."

"The cotton I raised this year," said Sim, "cost me 18 cents a pound to raise and they give me 11 cents a pound for 20 bales and 9 cents for the 5 bales they said they didn't want. Something ought to be done—"

"No question about it, Sim, no question about that. As I was saying, the coöperative and the buyers would have to sit in and talk price on a basis of how much it cost you to raise cotton. To that figure—the cost of raising—they'd add something by way of a profit, see? Great scheme, whether it worked or not, Sim.

"Now, the chances are, Sim, that you'd raise a surplus—you'd overproduce. That's easy. What cotton the market couldn't digest at the harvest you'd store."

"Where?" demanded Sim.

"Oh, in storehouses."

"Who's going to pay for the carrying?"

"Maybe nobody, but if the scheme's ever adopted you'll pay for carrying your own. Those 5 bales you gave away to Taylor Tetlow this afternoon, for example."

"Where'll I get the money?"

"That's easy. From the coöperative. You'll be borrowing your own money to pay for carrying your own cotton until somebody needs it and needs it badly and will pay for it accordingly. Sounds like heaven, doesn't it?"

"And if nobody needs it, the coöperative will go broke lending me money to carry it," said Sim.

"Sim," said Thad Sidebottham, "I don't know as I've ever met a farmer who was more of a farmer than you are. You're a farmer all over, Sim. Answer me this: how many times have you heard that you've overproduced?"

"I don't know, Thad. Maybe ten times. I ain't sure."

"You overproduced last year, didn't you?"

"Some."

"Let's call it 2,000,000 bales. Maybe you know it and maybe you don't but at cotton harvest this year there wasn't four months' supply of cotton in all the world. The warehouses were as empty as one of these socialist theories you've been hearing about, not that I've been talking socialism to you. I'm a Democrat, Sim.

Vanished, Two Million Bales

"NOW, where was that 2,000,000 bale excess? Gosh, Sim, if there's anything in this world that just can't get lost it's a bale of cotton. A bale of cotton is as apparent and visible as the Capitol at Washington. You just can't miss it, that's all.

"But hunt high and low and you couldn't see those 2,000,000 bales excess at harvest time this year. There wasn't enough 1925 cotton lying around to stuff a gnat's ears. Now where do you think it went to?"

"I don't know," said Sim.

"Neither do I," said Thad. "I wasn't watching it closely enough. But I do know it vanished. Somebody bought it when they needed it, and they paid for it at a needing man's market. You sold it for what you could get because you hadn't any place to put it and because you wouldn't have known what to do with it after you had stored it."

Sim was sunk again. Dawgone this talking man, Thad Sidebottham. If he only had sense, he'd be the dawgondest man, but he sure was a talker.

Sim made a botch of sleeping that night. First there had been that 11 cents, then 9 cents. And then along comes that flibbertigibbet Thad Sidebottham with his talk.

He went up to Canby's store after breakfast. Maybe Congressman Hemhaugh would be there, and Sim would like to ask the congressman a question or two. Anyway, there was nothing else to do.

Congressman Hemhaugh was at Canby's store, sitting on a harrow crate talking to Ben McQueen, Hinshaw Owens, Virgil Rohrer, Willie Reeble and a few more cotton farmers as defunct as Sim. Sim hurried because, by the smile on Congressman Hemhaugh's face, he was communicating good news.

"I ain't saying what," Hinshaw Owens was growling as Sim joined the audience, "but I am saying that something ought to be done about it."

"And something is," said Congressman Hemhaugh. "I ain't sure it is all that should be done, but, forced to it by the Democrats, the President of the United States has done something.

"He has appointed a committee to stay the downward trend of cotton. Eugene Meyer, president of the War Finance Corporation, is chairman, and the other members are Secretary Mellon of the Treasury, Secretary Jardine of the Department of Agriculture and Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce.

"It is a Republican Administration's emergency plan but, in all fairness, I am bound to say it is a sound one."

"What's it going to cost us?" asked Sim.

"As I said," replied Congressman Hemhaugh, "the plan is sound. It will cost you nothing. From the United States Treasury will come $160,000,000, if need be, and this will be lent through the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks to finance the South to carry its excess cotton over until it is needed."

Something Else—But What?

SIM'S mind carried backward. If he had known that yesterday! He remembered that Taylor Tetlow had been in an unwontedly good humor.

"When did you hear of this?" he asked. "Yesterday I had cotton to hold."

"I heard of this last night," said Congressman Hemhaugh indignantly. "Do you think I'd betray my own people?"

His audience did not commit themselves. After all, it is asking too much of a Democratic congressman to expect him to be in the confidence of a Republican President on matters of political expediency.

"Mr. Meyer is a trustworthy gentleman," said Congressman Hemhaugh, "and the committee, although Republican, is a sound one. They propose bringing the farmer and the banker into closer coöperation so that the banker, with his fingers on the pulse of the market, may advise the cotton farmer how many acres to plant. I am, as you know, a farmer myself, born and raised on a cotton plantation right here amongst—"

The congressman talked fast and far. A half hour after he had departed the boys began to think of questions they might have asked. What would happen after the Meyer committee ceased functioning? How was it that the Southern bankers hadn't failed along with the cotton farmers? Why weren't there cotton farmers on the Meyer committee? How were they to be sure that they would make a profit next year? Or were they?

"The thing to do," said Hinshaw Owens presently, "is for us to cut down on cotton, anyway—plant half and three-quarter crops, say."

"And what'll I do with the rest of my land?" asked Sim.

"Plant something else."

"What?"

"Each man's got to decide that for himself," said Hinshaw.

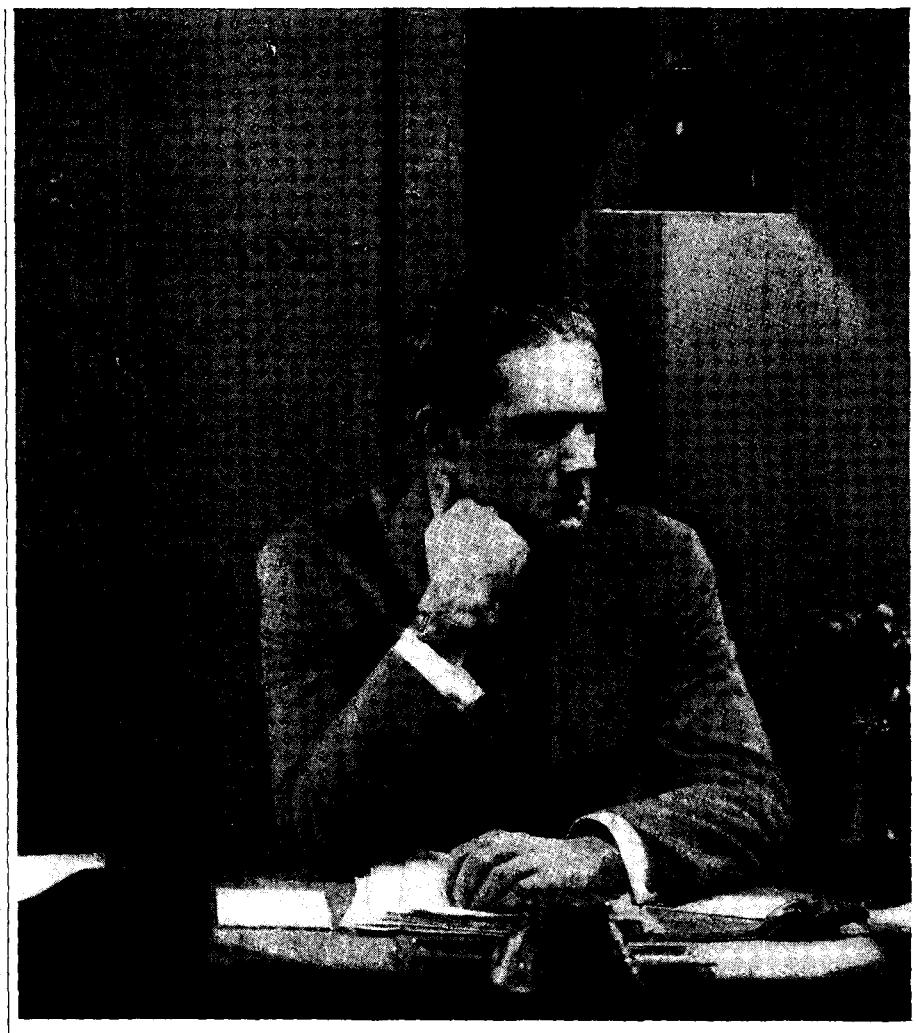
Sim ambled off down the road calculating. Hinshaw was right. Next season he'd restrict his own cotton crop. He'd raise a few acres more of something else. Corn? No, he couldn't raise enough corn to make it a paying crop, and money was what he needed. Let's see. . . .

Shucks! Supposing that after he had cut down on cotton something happened in Congress, or somewhere, to set next year's cotton crop at 20 or 22, perhaps even 33 cents a pound? He'd feel fine then, wouldn't he?

Besides, he knew cotton. Nothing like a man sticking to crops he knows something about. . . .

Sim will raise lots of cotton next year and take another chance.

For what Congress, with its somewhat changed complexion, is doing about Sim and his cotton you'll have to read the newspapers. I can't read the congressional mind any more readily than Mr. Hemhaugh could read the President's.



Held back by—what?

—perhaps it's *comedones**

For five years he had watched men come and go—up to better jobs. He knew he was not stupid. Something kept him back. Something made them promote other men—younger men. What could it be?

* * *

It is unfortunate that many men suffer from *comedones*—the scientific name for blackheads. These disfiguring blemishes keep you from being clean-cut and attractive.

They are often responsible for lack of business success. For while you yourself may not be conscious of them, others notice them. You may have wondered why success never comes—why you seem to be held back—why others are promoted instead of you. Perhaps it's *comedones*.

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Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living. Try it this evening.

Use at Home after Shaving

To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face will feel and look like a million dollars. 60c jars at all drug stores.

*WHAT ARE COMEDONES?
(*pronounced com'ē-dōnes*)
Dictionary definition: A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose. It is often called blackhead.

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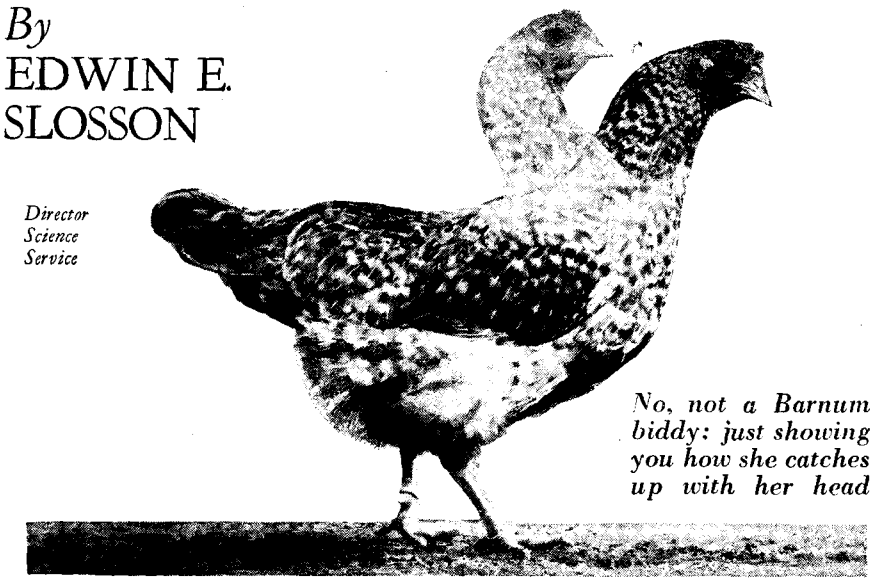
By
EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service



No, not a Barnum biddy: just showing you how she catches up with her head

Catching Up with the World

Why Does a Chicken—

DID you ever wonder why a hen moves its head back and forth when it walks?

The answer to the question—like the answer to many other questions—is that it is not so. The fowl does not move its head backward. It only moves it forward and then walks ahead until the head gets left behind and has to be brought up again with a jerk.

For the explanation of this curious movement I am indebted to a Collier's correspondent, Martin A. Mikesh of Jersey City, an engineer who was born on a farm and so takes an interest in the mechanics of chickens:

"The general opinion, where thought has advanced to that stage, is that the head motion is for balancing purposes. Close analysis of the movement shows that the head moves forward only, remaining fixed with respect to the ground at points when it appears to bob backward.

"A useful scientific principle enters into this. In the fixed position the eyes are focused on the surrounding territory in search of food; it is most natural too. The interrupted movements add up to a continuous careful survey on both sides, and the balancing feature becomes merely a by-product of the indexing mechanism. The same principle applies to other domestic fowl and many other birds."

Longer Life for Many

MODERN medicine has done wonders in freeing from certain epidemics those communities that pay attention to its teachings. It has markedly lengthened the mean length of life so that a baby born today in New York City or Massachusetts is likely to live ten years longer than if he had been born in 1900.

But this extension in the expectation of life is made at the beginning of the lifetime rather than at its end. Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institution for Medical Research has recently called attention to a point often overlooked in our encomiums of medical progress:

"Although the adult individual has much fewer chances of dying from smallpox, cholera, tuberculosis or typhoid fever than fifty years ago, his expectation of reaching the age of seventy-five or eighty has not markedly increased. But he surely has more prospect of being tortured by some form of cancer, afflicted with slow diseases of the kidneys, the circulatory apparatus, the endocrine glands, of becoming insane, suffering from nervous diseases, or of making himself miserable by his lack of judgment and his vices. Modern medicine protects him against infections that kill rapidly, but leaves him exposed to the slower and more cruel diseases and to brain deterioration."

Now, statements like this on the increase of the death rate from certain diseases are quite likely to be misinterpreted. I once read an alarmist editorial of this sort that I wish I had clipped for my file on "Curiosities of Journalism." But it ran something like this: after pointing out that the proportion of deaths from cancer had risen rapidly to such and such a percentage the editor concluded, "and it would even now be 100 per cent if other diseases had not intervened to cause earlier death!"

Painless Old Age?

THIS certainly sounds startling at first glance and at second glance we see that it is obviously true. All men are still mortal. If we do not die in infancy, we are more apt to die at a later age. If we are not carried off by infectious diseases, we are more likely to fall victim to degenerative diseases.

But Dr. Carrel means nothing so sensational or so trite. For he goes on to point out that "it is clear that the future progress of medicine must consist in finding the nature and causation of some of these diseases and their prevention. Medicine should attempt to lead men to extreme old age without suffering and also to increase their moral and intellectual value, because the quality of the individuals is far more important than their quantity for the happiness and progress of the community."

Why Cry?

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean," says the poet. But the physiologist will not acknowledge such ignorance. He knows that tears are a secretion of the lachrymatory glands that flow over the eyeball and are drained off into the nose. Everybody knows that the fluid is somewhat salty and slippery and so serves to lubricate the eyeball and wash away any particles of dirt which may have fallen on it.

But what has more recently been found out is that tears have also a considerable antiseptic power and so protect this sensitive surface from disease germs from the air. They contain a certain ferment known as lysozyme which gives the tear fluid the power to destroy microbes even when diluted with water six million times.

But why the lachrymatory glands will sometimes function so freely as to flood the drainage system and overflow upon the cheeks at the sound of certain words or a certain tone of voice or the sight of a certain telegram or item in the newspaper—that the physiologist does not know and the psychologist will not tell him because they are not on speaking terms as yet. Once these two get their heads together we shall begin to find out something.

Lincoln Kissed Him

Continued from page 18

you, Mr. President, that there would be no turning back."

The harried man had waited long—three years—for such a word: the one word that could have brought him help in his despair; and, sweeping his long arm around the boy, he gathered him to him, and bending over pressed a kiss on his forehead. "Come and tell me about it," he said.

They sat down, and suddenly all of Henry's journalistic discretion was gone. Here was one who had the right to know, and so he told him of the horrors and uncertainties of that day in the Wilderness—of men fighting without knowing where they were going, fighting in groups, not in masses; of Hancock being left without support; of Warren's overcaution, bottling up the troops that Hancock had expected would support him; of a day gone wrong from start to finish.

He told how, when night had come and commanders and correspondents had gathered at headquarters, there had been angry charges, one officer accusing another. There had been Meade's decision that they should fall back north of the river, reëstablish their lines, and try again later, and then General Grant had come in with his quiet but final, "No, we shall attack again in the morning."

Had He Dreamed It?

HE TOLD how, when at four o'clock Friday morning he had presented himself at headquarters and announced to the general that he was carrying out news to his paper, Grant had led him aside and looking at him intently had said, "You think you can get to Washington?" He had no doubt of it, nor did the general's question arouse any doubt.

"Then," said the general, "if you do see the President, see him alone and tell him that General Grant says there will be no turning back."

His story was told. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the President, rising, said, "It is time for you to get to bed, Henry. You look as if you needed rest, but come to see me to-morrow afternoon." And Henry Wing, who had not had more than three hours' sleep at a time for some five days now, stumbled out of the White House, down to the National Hotel where he kept a room, and upstairs to throw himself, Virginia mud and all, across the bed and to fall into a sleep of utter exhaustion.

He took time for only one ceremony—to look at his face in the glass, with something like awe, and to pass a reverential hand over it. Had he dreamed it or was it true that the President of the United States had kissed him, there on that spot.

Day had scarcely broken on the morning of Saturday, May 7th, before the streets of Washington were ringing with the cries of newsboys. Not for many, many weeks had they been out so early. Not for many weeks had Washington leaped from its bed at their cry. "News from the army," was what they said. "Grant found!" The shouting penetrated a room where across a bed a dirty, sprawling figure lay. It came like a call to duty: "Henry Wing! Henry Wing! This is your news. Your work is not done; you must see the Tribune."

Henry was on his feet in an instant, throwing off his plantation disguise, pulling on his correspondent's uniform, dashing down and out. It was hardly six o'clock when he reached the Tribune office, then on the second floor of a 14th Street building near Pennsylvania Avenue. He found the stairs blocked with excited men.

Henry wormed his way up the stairs, through the wrestling crowd, into the room; and there, on top of a table, was his chief, Sam Wilkinson, declaring excitedly that the news was a fake, that Henry Wing had not come out, that somebody was deceiving the country.

"Here I am, Mr. Wilkinson!" shouted Henry. And the anxious crowd, stilled for an instant by the cry, looked: more than one of them recognized Wing.

Such a shout as went up! They caught him in their arms and passed him over their heads to the table beside his chief; and there, with many interruptions, he told them his story.

It was late on Saturday afternoon when Henry Wing, once more a confident, handsome, almost dapper youth, presented himself at the White House and was admitted with his chief to the President's office.

"I see you've cleaned up, Henry," said Mr. Lincoln. "What are you going to do now?" And very promptly Henry replied, "I am going after Jess."

"Jess?" said the President. "Who is Jess?"

"My horse. I left him tied in the thicket down near Warrentown. The Confederates were too thick for me to get through with him any further, and I promised him to go back. I never break a promise to a horse, Mr. President."

"You had to leave him?" said the President. "You had difficulty in getting out? You better tell me about it, Henry."

And so Henry told the story of what had happened between four o'clock of Friday morning and ten o'clock of that night, when the President had rescued him from Mr. Stanton's sentence.

"It was this way, Mr. President," he said. "After the battle, we all came to Grant's headquarters. My chief said somebody must take a dispatch to the Tribune. Of course the older men could not do it; they were needed. I was only the cub, and I knew it was up to me to try, and so I said I would go.

"It was midnight then, and I went around where Jess was. Jess, Mr. Lincoln, is the finest horse in the army. I told them to feed him and feed him well at three o'clock, and that I would ride out at four. I thought maybe Jess might not get any more oats until we got to Washington, and it's about seventy-five miles.

"I had it mapped out how it would be easy enough to get through. Over near Culpeper there was a Union man I knew. I had seen him only a couple of days before. He knew every road and path between the river and Washington. I was counting on him to give me directions. I did not realize that as soon as our army had crossed the Rapidan, Lee's scouts and Mosby's men had begun to come in.

"I knew from the way Jess acted as soon as we were across the river that it was none too safe. Jess knows things, Mr. Lincoln—knows danger, feels it. And he steals around like a cat when things are not safe. That's the way he acted yesterday morning. It made me a little careful. Still, I was counting on my friend. When I told him what I wanted he called me a fool. 'Do you know you haven't a chance in the world to get to Washington looking like that? Don't you know that the woods are full of Confederates and that by this time they probably hold half the stations on the railroads? You will never get there in the world in those clothes.'

A Perilous Journey

"WELL, of course, I had on the Tribune clothes, and, you know, Mr. Lincoln"—and Henry looked himself over complacently—"you know they are rather conspicuous."

They certainly were. The Tribune took pride in having its correspondents outshine those of other papers. Its representatives wore knickerbockers of the finest corduroy, jackets of buckskin, high-topped boots of the finest leather, conspicuous gauntlets, broad soft hats—most becoming to a youth as handsome as Henry Wing.

"'They would spot you across country,' said my friend. 'The only chance of your getting there is to go as a Confederate carrying news to Confederate friends in Washington, news that Lee

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has defeated Grant, that in twenty-four hours he will be on his way to the city.'

"He told me to rip off my clothes, and he gave me what you saw me in last night, Mr. Lincoln. I guess they would pass me anywhere as a field hand."

"I reckon they would," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, I started out, but had gone only a few miles, when, sure enough, I ran plumb into a troop of Mosby's men. I stopped to talk and told my story. There was great hurrahing, and in no time they had an escort ready.

"Things would have gone very well if we had not ridden right into Kelly's Ford. You have heard of Kelly, I expect—everybody knows there isn't a more bitter secessionist in Virginia. Not more than forty-eight hours before, I had been there and talked with him. So I told the escort I was all right, that they needn't bother any further.

"But Kelly was too sharp. He recognized me, and as I rode up jumped for Jess' bridle. Jess was too quick for him. He gave one great bound and rushed for the river—not the ford but the deep water. Jess knows more than I do every time.

"They fired on me, but it was too late. I knew now, if my road was clear, nothing could stop Jess until we reached Washington; but the road was not clear. You haven't any idea how the enemy has filled it up—cavalry, wagons, scouts. They kept holding me up, and, though I got by every time by telling a story that set them hurrahing, I knew that could not last, that I must leave Jess and take to the railroad ties.

"You see, by this time I was only about thirty miles from here, and I thought I could make it, so I led Jess into a thicket down around Warrentown. I tied him loose, poured out all the oats I had, put my arms around his neck and promised to come back. That is what I want to do now, Mr. Lincoln."

"But how did you make the rest of the journey?"

"Pretty well until I reached Manassas Junction, where I found the enemy strong. They said they were glad of the news, but they would get it to Washington themselves; I needn't go on. I said, 'All right,' but when it began to be dusk I crawled out and sneaked up the track to Bull Run, where our people are, and they sent me to Union Mills.

"At Bull Run I found out what I had not guessed before, that I was the first man in from the army, that no paper had had any news, that even Washington had no news, and that the whole country was stirred up by a rumor that Grant was defeated and Lee would soon be in Washington.

To the Rescue!

"IT HAD never occurred to me that I could not get through some word to Alexandria. I tried to buy a horse, but no one would sell me one. I offered $1,000 for a hand car and a man to run me up, but they said it was a military road and no civilian could be accommodated.

"You can imagine how I felt—having ws and knowing I ought to get it to e Tribune before anybody else had it. Then I had an idea. You know Mr. Dana is an old Tribune man, and so I went to the military telegraph office and asked them to telegraph him that I was just in from the front, that I had left Grant at four o'clock that morning, and that I wanted to talk to him.

"Well, they didn't tell Dana; they told Stanton. You know what happened, Mr. Lincoln."

"Yes, I know what happened. And now you want to go for Jess?"

"Yes, I must go for Jess."

"Well, Henry, I think we owe you something. I will have to help you about that. I don't like to think of your making the run you did yesterday without a guard. You must remember we don't know what has happened down there since you left. If you wish, I will give you an escort, an engine, and a car."

If there was a happier man in Washington that night than Henry Wing, knowing that the next morning there would be awaiting him at Alexandria an escort to take him to the spot where he had hidden his beloved horse, there is no record of it. And if there was a prouder group of men in Washington than the newspaper men who gathered about him and patted him on the back and feasted him, there is no record of it. One of their craft was the hero of the hour.

The next morning, Sunday, May 8th, the expedition to rescue a horse, which the President of the United States had promised to a cub reporter of the New York Tribune, started out from Alexandria. It carried a battery, soldiers and a box car, well equipped with water and oats.

And it was no uneventful journey. The train ran safely through the hostile scouts of Manassas Junction, though not unchallenged, but from there on every mile of the way was fought for until finally they came to the point where Henry thought he had taken to the ties.

The Hero of the Day

HERE he left the train. He must find his way the best he could to the particular thicket where he had left Jess. He had a horrible fear that he might mistake the road—thickets were so alike. There was a growing anxiety, too, as to what might have happened to Jess in the forty-eight hours since he left him.

His anxiety was almost unbearable as he crawled out from the underbrush to the spot where he calculated he had left Jess, and raised his eyes to look.

There the horse stood—head stretched out, eyes alert, ears forward, legs far apart, not a muscle moving, not a sound—the very picture of intentness. And when he saw Henry it was as if he would spring to meet him, for with one snap of his white teeth he bit almost entirely through the leather strap which held him. All this he might have done before, but, no, he was waiting for the man. The man had come. Life might depend on instantaneous getting away, and the horse himself cut the strap that there might be no delay, so Henry Wing believed.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, the youth threw his arms around Jess' neck, while Jess muzzled his neck, whinnying softly his delight.

Quickly and quietly they came out, Henry leading the horse. He could not mount an animal that for forty-eight hours had had little food and no drink. But there was a great feast when that box car was reached—a great feast and a great petting and great rejoicing. But never such rejoicing as when, that night, Henry Wing rode Jess into a comfortable stall in a Washington stable.

But the story was not over. Henry Wing had had his great day, and while he was gone that Sunday in his search for the horse the newspaper men of Washington, Whitelaw Reid at their head, Uriah Painter, Sam Wilkinson, all the big ones, had planned that the next day should be Jess'. The Tribune was to give Jess to Henry as his own property. The men had taken up a collection and had bought him the finest saddle and bridle the town afforded, and they had arranged that at ten o'clock of Monday morning dignitaries of the Cabinet, led by Lincoln himself, should meet on the White House lawn and inspect the horse, now the hero of the hour.

And so it turned out. The reception was held, and to cap its climax Mr. Lincoln asked the privilege of mounting and riding Jess. If ever a boy's cup of pride and happiness was full, it was then. Indeed, it would have been hard to find a happier group than that which gathered around Jess the morning of Monday, May 9th, in Washington, for news was through now officially from Grant. The Army of the Potomac had not turned back, the Army of the Potomac was going forward. Possibly at no hour in all the tormented three years through which he had been going had Abraham Lincoln felt greater relief. "And now," he said to Henry as he dismounted from Jess, "you go back to Grant?"

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln, I go back."

"Good," said the President. "You will be coming to Washington some time and remember this, that when you do come I want you always to come and see me. I shall want to talk with you."

The Gulf Coast

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THIS historic land of delightful winters and all-year charm beckons you to its sun-warmed shores, where snow and ice are never known, where majestic pines wave their lofty heads over semi-tropical vegetation of gorgeous verdure, where golf, motoring, hunting, fishing, boating and other out-door sports are at their finest and where splendid big hotels house you in every comfort and at moderate cost. The Gulf Coast is the Riviera of America, and teems with history, mystery and romance — a vacation paradise of unequalled charm.

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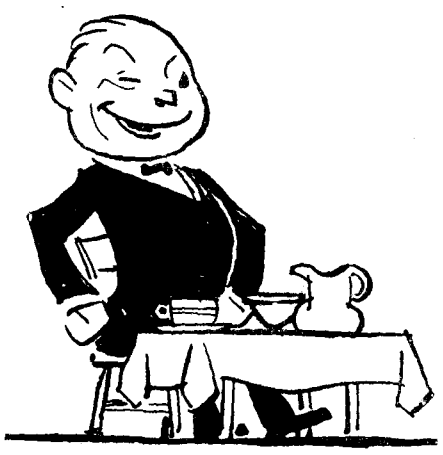

We know it's winter when the strawberries are in season in large cities.

SAYS

Tom Masson

A man who invests nothing but money in his wife gets paid in nothing but scrap dividends.

It's about time to take a long cruise in the West Indies to recover from the damages you got on your European tour.

Schoolboy version: Nothing succeeds like a recess.

"Don't come near me when I am seeing red," said the signal traffic post.

The smallest measurement in the world has been fixed at one billionth of an inch. It will be used in recording the refinement of certain New York theatrical managers.

It used to be "Get a horse!" Now it's "Get a divorce!"

Women's furs are growing scarcer. The worst of it is, another summer will soon be here.

Even a painless dentist will get on your nerves.

Live hogs are now being tattooed for identification. Let us hope this inspiring ceremony will spread to road hogs.

All the stadiums are built on sporting columns.

The girl who used to flourish a bread pan in the kitchen now flourishes a knee pan in an automat.

Just as the hurricane season is over the Christmas bills come in.

"If I ever decide to get married I will retire from the fight game," says Gene Tunney. Boy, you have much to learn yet.

About the only utterance of President Coolidge all the newspapers have unanimously agreed upon is where he praised advertising.

They may not have big game in the Senate, but they get lots of sport out of the Reed bird.

The passion for uniforms among Americans grows. Garbage inspectors will soon be appearing in gold buttons.

Only a comma may be sufficient to separate one period from another. Thus the pre-prohibition song of Cowper is now rendered: "With all thy faults I love thee, still!"

MY OWN COUNTESS

Continued from page 12

oration of welcome by the mayor. Then I was escorted to the best and only hotel and put to bed in what I am sure was the bridal suite, all gilt and musty old rose. The local doctor appeared with a plaster for my head. Then I slept for three hours, awaking to find a solemn-faced chambermaid staring down at me as if I had descended upon them from Mars. She had polished my boots and belt to the last degree of shine, pressed my uniform after dry-cleaning my brevet wings. So I dressed and went down to dinner. I'm being as brief as possible about all this. A plate-glass window exposed the single long table of the dining-room to the street. There were twenty-five noses against it, those villagers, waiting there, I presume, to see whether or not I lived on ordinary food.

"After dinner a man, an old fellow in a peasant smock, brought me a note. It said in English that La Comtesse de Lanvier would be very glad to receive me as soon as I felt able and that her carriage awaited my pleasure. De Lanvier is not the real name. You will understand why later on.

"But her suggestion seemed agreeable enough. I'd heard so many stories of episodes with French comtesses that I thought I must be the only member of the A. E. F. who hadn't experienced one. Well, here was my chance. I felt giddy enough, anyway. The old fellow who had brought the note was waiting outside in the high front seat of an ancient victoria-type carriage. He drove me out of the village in a direction generally opposite to the one of my processional entry and proceeded very slowly, the better to ply me with questions which I was usually unable to answer because of their nature or, because of my decidedly limited French, could not understand. He wanted to know if really nice American ladies, 'de bon famille, vous savez,' rode horseback astride, remained at table while the men smoked, presumed to talk politics, received other men while their husbands were away, and had short hair.

"When I assured him that to the best of my knowledge and under certain circumstances they did, he blew out the ends of his long gray mustache and addressed me no further. We reached the château just as the last edge of daylight was turning gray in the west.

"THE several servants in evidence were old men, all that was left apparently. One of them conducted me to a somber drawing-room at the far end of which a fire crackled. Welcome, too, for the evening brought a damp chill with it. So I sat there figuring out which of my collection of French phrases would be most appropriate when I heard a firm step on the stairway descending to the hall. Clearly enough my countess had at least some vigor of youth.

"Yes, she had youth. She was pretty. If I were telling this to one of my ex-flyer friends, Dr. Aubry, instead of to you, they would smile—because the traditional countess in the American soldier's bag of stories is always a dream. But it wasn't her prettiness that surprised me, her gray-eyed steadiness of gaze, her dark bobbed hair parted and divided away from her brow, her slender youth and simplicity of white dress. She was a girl from home. I knew it before she spoke, just by the manner of her coming across the room to me without any embarrassment or self-consciousness or the grimaces and poses of women who are supposed to have poise.

"So she smiled and gave me her hand. 'You're the nicest thing I've seen in four years, Soldier,' she said. 'I used to be Joyce Haycock from Pittsburgh before I became the Countess of Lanvier.' And then, when she saw I hadn't recovered from my astonishment, she said: 'Have you never wondered what becomes of the American girl who marries a title? Her picture appears in a bridal dress on the society page just once, and then she vanishes from sight. Well, this is what becomes of her. For pity's sake, call me Joyce.'

"I told Joyce that she was the nicest thing I'd seen in a good many more than four years. The questions of the old man who had driven me out recurred with clearer meaning. Joyce Haycock of Pittsburgh probably did other things beside ride astride and smoke with the men after dinner to shock his medieval soul. Perhaps they didn't approve of her here. Well, I did. At home I might have been somewhat diffident. I'm not too good with girls. But in thirty minutes Joyce and I were friends.

"It didn't take us long to unearth people we both knew and to discover a more or less common background. She had gone to Farmington to school, attended the proms generally and knew several of my classmates. She must have been about seventeen then and twenty when she was married. 'Just talk,' she said to me. 'Talk about places to go in New York, what girls are being rushed, who is going to marry whom, what services the boys have gone into, anything. Do they realize at home what the war is?' She was starved for a companionship which she could understand, and I gave her what bits of gossip were current at the time I'd sailed. She hung upon every careless word.

"AFTERWARD we went into a music-room where a magnificent crystal dome spread yellow light over a grand piano. Joyce sat down and played the popular songs of some years back. She sang too and made me join in with my croak of a voice, and at the end of each piece we both laughed, she because a lot of pent-up longing for the things she had known was having a slight release and I because of the effect upon me of her simplicity against that background of Old World dignity and splendor.

"I spoiled it all in the end by asking about her husband. We were sitting together on the piano bench when I asked her, and she went on playing to the end of a chorus without answering. I saw a gray tear on her eyelashes. Then she said, half angrily I thought: 'I suppose you think I'm sorry I married him—just because I'm enjoying these old things. Everybody at home always thinks a girl marries a title just for the title and that she gets nothing more; that the man himself amounts to nothing. Well, my husband is splendid and brave and great too. He is a colonel in a line regiment, but he has a special confidential work, and General Gouraud said he was worth a division.'

"I supposed her husband was doing intelligence, but she shook her head. 'No, I presume you would call it morale work. His training, of course, makes him particularly fitted. He was already famous when he came to Washington and I married him. No, I'm not sorry—but, you see, that was just six months before the war.'

"Almost at once she denied what she'd just said by putting her face in her hands and weeping quite openly. I did not know what to say. I felt both silly and sympathetic sitting there beside her and also, I confess, very deeply romantically stirred. I thought, 'Some fellow ought to take this girl home after the war.' There were rumors afloat even then that the Germans were about done. She could get a divorce and go home to the States.

"She stopped crying in a few minutes and, touching my hand very gently on the keyboard of the piano, said: 'Won't you please stay here a little while? You wouldn't be worth much to your squadron for a few days. And I want you to stay at the château instead of going back to that musty little hotel. I have servants and a housekeeper. It's all right. The war makes things all right, anyway. I—need someone from home.'"

It was difficult going on with my story from that point. Dr. Aubry had evidently made up his mind about both the truth of my account and my state of mind. His continual smoking and restless fingering of the silver on the table kept reminding me that I must be brief.

I told him about awaking late the next morning in the huge and comfortable bedroom to which I'd been shown and hearing someone whistling outside my open window that hunting song. What is it? Wake, wake, wake to the hunting, or something of the sort. Joyce was out there in the sunlight in her riding habit with a pair of very acceptable saddle horses, a black and a chestnut.

"If I have any accomplishments, horsemanship is not among them, but I managed to stay mounted and at least within hail of her as we crossed fields and skirted farms in what I thought was a mad dash. Sometimes she waited for me and chattered happily as the horses walked along side by side. I always remember Joyce like that, our very best type of girl, simple and lovely and natural, a fine sport and no fool. She had ideas one usually encounters among men, and yet she was emotional and violent about them as no man could be. She'd spent the first year and a half of the war working in a hospital until a bomb smashed both the hospital and her nerves at the same time. Her husband had finally ordered her home.

"WE MUST have ridden four or five miles and gone around the village in some way, for as we mounted a long, sloping meadow I sighted my plane with its nose stuck in a soft plowed furrow and its tail in the air, like a miniature lighthouse. We dismounted and went to examine it. I was astonished to find the propeller unbroken. It was true that I'd nosed over rather gently, comparatively speaking, and the furrow had saved a break. Joyce called an old peasant farmer who was working in the field, and the three of us got the ship down and dragged it back upon firm ground. A Spad is heavy.

"I went to work cleaning mud out of the radiator and going over the flying and drift wires, struts and controls. Well—to cut that short—the plane was

Konrad Bercovici

In her blood was gypsy music and in her heart the love of lands and houses. And there were two young men—

"Lena"

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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loosened up but fundamentally undamaged except for a bent axle in the landing gear. The local blacksmith could fix that. I even put blocks under the wheels and, while Joyce sat in the cockpit holding back the stick, I swung on the propeller and started the engine. She said she felt like Fonck himself.

"We rode through the village on our way back to send out the blacksmith. Joyce seemed subdued. 'So then,' she said—'so then you will fly away again to-morrow, Roger? God sent me a playfellow out of the sky but only for the day. Now He is going to take him back.'

"I laughed. 'Oh no,' I said. 'Not unless you get tired of me.' I touched the plaster on my forehead jokingly. 'You see, I'm much too seriously injured to go back just now.'

"At that I did press the blacksmith to make all haste. As a matter of fact, my ship wasn't ready for a full week. The engine required attention, after all—a broken feed pipe and something wrong with the pressure pump. I managed to improvise repairs myself eventually, but the day before they were complete the armistice was signed. Joyce and I assisted in the village's ceremonious celebration. I had no conscience about going after that. She seemed too happy, and I was—well, I suppose I was in love."

MY COMPANION sat up and rapped his knuckles on the table. "Don't skip, M'sieur. I must have the details. Don't just tell me you were in love. How? Why? What did you talk about? What about her husband? The details are the important data."

I was a trifle angry too. Why should I tell this confounded French doctor about those days? But, then, I'd been anxious enough, at first. And the favors my father asked of me were few enough. I could see the fire in Dr. Aubry's eyes, that passion of the scientist after his facts. At least he was interested now.

So I did fill in the gaps a bit. I couldn't put into plain talk the poignant memory of my growing intimacy with Joyce, our many rides and tramps over the brown fields, our impromptu picnics in the evergreen wood copse, our long evenings together in the rich shadows and the yellow firelight of the old château. She told me all about herself, and she soon knew all that was to be known about me. We had a very frank relation, talking about anything and everything, and we didn't flirt. Joyce never thought of it, and I think I was afraid: afraid of myself and the possibility of ruining the treasure of our comradeship. She had a trick of tugging at my hand when she wanted me to come with her somewhere which a more sophisticated man than I would doubtless have put down to guile. It wasn't guile. I'll swear it wasn't. It was just unselfconsciousness and Joyce.

All that, it seemed to me, was not important to Dr. Aubry's understanding. I told him what he wanted to know about her husband. "One day," I said, "I was halted in the village by an old man, a sort of patriarch, and listened to the most thorough, most voluble denunciation I ever received. Of course I could understand little of the machine-gun French but the main thought was all too clear. In brief, I was accused of compromising the Comte de Lanvier's wife by remaining at the château. I was an abuser of hospitality, an untrue ally, a foreign villain, whereas de Lanvier was a noble-hearted hero, a great man, an illustrious scion of a famous family whom the whole community adored.

"I can honestly say that the idea hadn't occurred to me. If you knew Joyce, Dr. Aubry, you would understand that. I returned to the château determined to tell her what had happened and to take leave as soon as possible. Even then I realized how it was going to hurt me to go.

"We were in the music-room again, that night before I found a chance. Joyce said at once that she didn't care what the village thought and that her husband wouldn't care either. 'He knows he can trust me,' she said. It was then I learned about him: how they had met in Washington, how handsome he was and what manner he had. 'I don't see how a woman could have helped being in love with him,' said Joyce. 'We were married inside of two months, and for almost a year lived in an abandon of happiness, thinking each other's thoughts. He was too serious. I made him gay. I'm sure I was frivolous. He taught me how really wonderful life could be. And our plans—'

"Well, it seemed the war broke just then, and her husband became a changed man—forgot all about her. She saw him only once during the year and a half she was doing hospital work until he appeared in the end to order her back to the château. He came back there himself but four times in the next two years and remained but a day or two. Joyce had known too much of military routine to believe that he couldn't have come. The last time he told her she must prepare to get a divorce.

"Joyce said to me: 'But of course I couldn't do that. Ideals, both of men and things, die rather hard in me. My marriage had been more than a mere society match. I cared as little about his title as he did, so little that we seldom used it. It was the man himself that I'd married and believed in and hoped with. All of our memories and aspirations were bound up with each other, and to be without him, not to be able even to hope he was coming, would have seemed an utter wasteland of time. And then—then a thunderstorm cleared the air, and you, Roger, came tumbling out of the sky as if you'd been sent as an answer.'

"I remember the jump which my heart took when she said that. It freed me. 'Joyce,' I said, 'you must have seen what all this has meant to me. I wouldn't have told you, but now I must. I love you. Do you know it? It's been a sort of sudden miracle. I came through the most mind-shattering experience of my life to paradise, to you.' I said many more things, and then I dared to ask her if—if I could take her home.

"Joyce would not raise her eyes to mine at that moment, but she let me take her in my arms. When I kissed her she kissed me. She said: 'Roger, how can I call this love? I've burned my flame of love. But you are dear to me, so very dear. I would like to give you as much as I can to pay for your gentleness and comradeship and your love. Yes, I've been aware of that, Roger, and fearful of it and proud of it too.'

"I left no argument unused after that, no protestation. I told her that her tenderness and free spirit were enough, much more than I deserved.

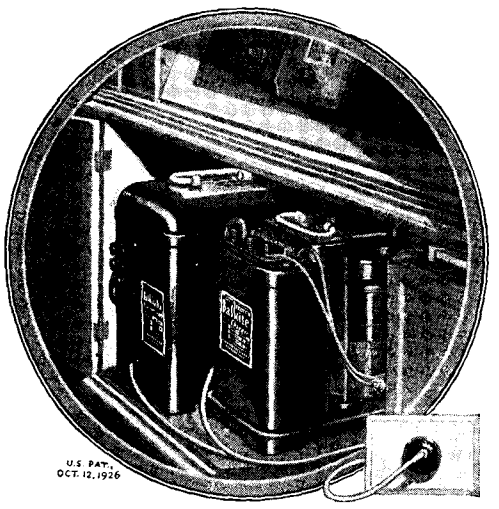
"But she said: 'No, you deserve everything. Wait a little until I see if I can give it to you. Please stop kissing me now—even if I don't want you to. You must go away for a few days, Roger, and then come back. I will know by that time. If I do go home with you, I shall be ready to go at once.'

"I recall very well going to the village place next morning to find out the distance and directions to Paris. Quite a small crowd assembled, and I was told they were waiting to welcome him home. I said, 'To welcome whom?'—But my question earned me no more than an incredulous stare. Nevertheless a number followed me when they heard I was about to take the air.

"I passed over the gleaming white village again, the patterned farms, the dark, evergreen woods. On the bright filament which was the road leading out toward the château I saw a group of several automobiles, and it occurred to me with a sudden catch of breath who it was the village had been waiting to welcome. Beyond was the stretching lawn of the château and in the center of it a tiny speck of a figure, waving. I think she was waving. I hope so."

DR. AUBRY was studying me without concealment now. His elbows were on the table, and his chin was bent forward slightly on the heel of his palm. "That is not all," he said. "You are going to tell me something else of course, M'sieur Whitfield."

(*Continued on page 38*)



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Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Charger are *entirely noiseless, permanent pieces of equipment, with no bulbs and nothing to wear out or replace.* Except a slight consumption of household current, their first cost is the last.

The greater portion of the radio season, including the months of best reception, is still before you. Add these two Balkite Units to your receiver now. Then you will know, for years to come, the pleasure of owning a radio set always ready to operate at full power. *Ask your dealer.*

Balkite Charger $19.50. (*West of Rockies* $20. *In Canada* $27.50.) *Balkite* "B"-W $27.50; "B"-X $42; "B"-Y $69. (*In Canada* "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.)

Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Ill.

Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony on the air *Everyother Saturday night a symphony concert. On alternate Saturdays one of Mr. Damrosch's famous piano recitals. Over stations:* WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, WOC, WCAP. *Balkite Hour Saturday Evenings:* 9 P.M. *Eastern* (8 P.M. *Central*) *Standard Time.*

FANSTEEL

Balkite

Radio Power Units

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Our Portrait Gallery

THERE are many claimants to the title of "The Original Radio Girl." The task of judging the most eligible would be far more difficult than Grant Rice's yearly job of anointing the All-America Team. But there is no doubt that Virginia Florhi, the gifted coloratura soprano, who regularly delights the audience of KFI, Los Angeles, was the first of her sex to undertake broadcasting seriously as a career.

She made her decision in December, 1922, according to her faithful biographer, who adds that she "dove into the etheric whirlpool then given over principally to harmonica, ocarina and ukulele players; stuttering pupils; story tellers; three-piece dance orchestras, and Women with a Message."

VIRGINIA FLORHI
Coloratura soprano of KFI

Be that as it may Virginia had the vision to see that broadcasting really offered a career. With this conviction firmly rooted in her mind she spent many weary hours with the technical staff of KFI, learning the things that had to be done in order to have her voice meet the unreasoning requirements of the microphone and loud speaker. Virginia has been hailed by every music critic on the Coast. The fans there all love her, and they will tell you it is a pleasure to listen in on her concerts. Since the accomplished Virginia's photograph graces the column this week, they can see that she is by no means difficult to look at either.

Otherwise We're Sorry

ONE enraptured fan, after listening to the first four or five New York Symphony recitals conducted by Walter Damrosch over the WEAF chain, wrote the sponsors confessing "Saturday is no longer tub night. It is Damrosch Night."

For the welfare of that particular fan it is a good job the present Damrosch series has a definite period to run.

A New Year's Gift

THE Victor Company is sponsoring a new series of broadcast programs by noted artists. The first was given on the evening of January 1st through the combined WEAF and WJZ chains of stations.

The event marked the official opening of the "Blue Network" of stations composed of WJZ, New York; WBZ, Springfield and Boston; KDKA, Pittsburgh; and KYW, Chicago. From now on the Victor concerts will be given over the Blue Network on alternate Friday nights from nine to ten, New York time. The WEAF chain will henceforth be known as the "Red Network."

I'm Het Up Over This

DURING the coal strike the city fathers of one little English town persuaded their citizens to turn radio sets off at night to save the gas. Over here, it would help a great deal if we turned the gas off at some of our radio studios.

Let "Mike" Decide

ABOUT two years ago a very famous Russian baritone came to this country. His friends suggested that he broadcast a program so that his voice might be heard and thus create a demand for his appearance on the concert stage. Following this advice he appeared before the audition expert of a metropolitan station where he was given a microphone test. His magnificently rich deep voice failed to register in the loud speaker. He was highly insulted when the expert politely explained to him. He went away in a huff, unconvinced.

Yet he is not the only one unconvinced. Most of our studio managers still try to urge the élite of the concert stage to broadcast irrespective of their microphone ability. These radio impresarios are more affected by names than voices, and imagine their listeners are afflicted with the same complaint. The time has come for radio to develop its own stars from the promising voices that microphone well.

The best actresses in the world are not in the "Movies," but those who "screen" well are!

X Stands for Static

A DISILLUSIONED fan who fell for the alluring "ad" of an alleged distance-getting set wrote to KFI, saying: "I've been trying for four hours to get Japan or England with no success. What I want to know is: does DX stand for Darned Exasperating?"

Oh no, it means daylight shirking.

John Bull Takes Hold

BROADCASTING in England is now under the direct control of the government. It is administered by a board of distinguished persons immediately responsible to the Postmaster General.

Under the new plan the major portion of the license fee of two and a half dollars collected each year from the owner of every receiving set is applied to improving the system and providing entertainment.

The experiment will be watched with great interest although it could never be adopted here because of our political system.

In this country "good will" advertising seems to offer the only solution to the problem of payment for programs, but such advertising will have to be good in order to survive.

He Was All Wet

PROBABLY most of you remember the story of the absent-minded professor who couldn't understand what made him so lame the morning he walked down the street with one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter.

Well, John H. Squier of Washington has discovered a bloke who beats the fabled prof.

He writes me that during the fifth world series baseball game played in St. Louis, last fall, he was standing in a crowd watching the Washington Post scoreboard. "You'll no doubt recall," he adds, "that the game was temporarily called on account of rain. As the announcer's voice said so over the radio one listener raised an umbrella over his head and stalked off down the street."

My Own Countess

Continued from page 37

"Yes," I said, "the queer part. As I turned away from my last look at her I saw a cloud in the sky: not a very large or threatening cloud, but still a cloud. I remember one instant of the sheerest terror. The next instant—the next instant for me at least—I was sitting at dinner in Paris, in the dining-room of this very hotel. The interim of time—how I got there, how far I'd blown, from what direction, where I'd landed—all that was and is as blank a page to me, Dr. Aubry, as it is to you. Do you believe it?"

He laughed. "Why not? Those mental dark spots after a shock are common enough. Yours was delayed until your storm experience was thrown back upon you by the sight of another cloud."

I explained to him about my going out to Orly and discovering that I had landed there the previous morning, flying in from the east and apparently—well, apparently normal. I'd told the field officer that I had run into a storm and decided to turn back. You see, it was all gone, just as though I hadn't been in a storm at all and had never seen a gleaming spire in the rain-washed sunlight.

"But the memory of Joyce remained, Dr. Aubry." I gave no heed to his smile. "And that brought back all the rest, bit by bit. I secured leave from Air Service H. Q. and hurried to the Gare d'Orsay. I asked for a ticket to Châtillon. The agent laughed at me. He made the same remark you did when I mentioned the name to you. 'Quel' Châtillon, M'sieur? Which one?' Well, I learned then that Châtillons are as common to France as Springfields to the United States. I've been in no less than twenty of them during these years. None of them were mine, nothing like mine. Finally I decided I must have misunderstood the name. I have searched most of the countryside of France—"

He interrupted me. "But such a name as de Lanvier—?"

"De Lanvier," I said, "as I told you in the beginning, was not her real name. It was like that. I had no reason to conceal it. The reason I did not give it to you was because I do not know it. The Haycocks of Pittsburgh were no clue either. There had been a family, old people. They had died. A daughter? Oh, yes, they knew of Joyce. An old newspaper file showed me a youthful picture of her. That was all. What happened to me, Doctor? Did I imagine this whole thing and just fasten upon the name of Joyce? Perhaps it was true about the storm and the shining village, and the rest of it was only the creation of a fevered brain while I lay for two weeks in that quaint little hotel. I believe they're right. I am out of my head."

My companion shook his head. "No," he said, "you're not. But you must have an answer, even after these years—an answer from her—or you will be. If you dwell upon— But let me tell you the instance of a young Frenchman during the war, M'sieur Whitfield. He was a sincere scientist in psychology. He proved very valuable in shell-shock cases, curing hundreds if he could reach them soon enough after their shock. No one understood his method except that he went into a room alone with his patient, no matter how raving the man was. Many of them came out calm and sane. Well, this young fellow lived too closely with the business. He only lasted a year. One time he entered the room of a shell-shocked Zouave, a violent, hopeless case. After three hours the door opened. The Zouave came out, quiet and grateful, ready to rejoin his regiment if they wished. They found the young doctor lying on the bed. He was insane. The Zouave hadn't hurt him, but too much analysis and tension had. His derangement came upon him at times for three years and all but wrecked his life. He is quite well now. His wife's common sense and her love saved him."

"You make me nervous," I said shortly. "What has that to do with it? Or with me?"

"Only this," said my companion. "You've had this on your mind for years. It must be solved." He interrupted my expression of anger. "Oh, yes, it may be possible. Why haven't you searched with one of your airplanes? You saw it first from the air. Can you secure a plane? I should like to go with you."

I had already tried searching with a plane, but I was glad to try again. They had a two-seater Nieuport or Orly, like the dual-control ships we trained with at Issoudun. Dr. Aubry had influence enough and I money enough to get hold of it. We made a start the following afternoon.

It was Aubry's first flight, and I must confess I admired his composure. We started southward in the wide circle he had suggested, and soon the rich green and brown surface of France in June time spread below us, the broad Loire as though it were flowing silver, the distant well-remembered outline of the two bridges at Tours.

I shall not go on with this. The thing happened that first trip. I had headed away from Tours in the direction, so Dr. Aubry said, of Vierzon. We were perhaps twenty-five minutes on that line when it jumped up at me out of that soft gray-green and dark brown carpet of the world. I saw the spire first and then the rest of it—as though the setting of a dream were to appear before one with the force of actuality.

I dived straight for the lawn of the château and was out of the cockpit almost before the plane stopped rolling. I couldn't wait for Aubry. I already saw her on the terrace, waving. She knew who it was, dear Joyce.

She was older, of course, but quite as lovely. Perhaps lovelier. I knew she was happy. She held my hands and talked about her boy out of the sky while tears stood in her eyes. But my answer was not long delayed. A brown-headed youngster of perhaps three and a half came around the corner ahead of his nurse. In one flying dash he had hold of Joyce's skirt. That was my answer.

There is but one thing more. Joyce had promised to talk to me after dinner. I think they were going to let me find out as gently for the sake of my feelings as possible. But I was spared nothing. I had gone up to my same old room to straighten up enough to have tea with her on the terrace. Perhaps I came downstairs quietly, too quietly to give them warning. A level wave of afternoon sunlight swept in the wide open window through which one stepped to the terrace. Joyce stood at the threshold in the arms of a man. He was a tall, dark man. She was in his arms in the way that counts. His back was turned toward me, but when my step sounded finally on the stair he turned sharply around. It was Dr. Paul Aubry.

THE Berengaria is driving through the Atlantic toward home and my spirit is helping the mighty turbines. I find myself quite happy, as though I'd bathed in the waters of some miraculous spring which had loosened all my straining nerves. Already I have realized that it is better for Joyce that her "society match" remain the love of her life. Dr. Paul Aubry, Comte de Lanoyer, is worthy of her and she of him.

As for me, honesty makes me wonder if my emotion for Joyce, tenderly as I think of her, was not compounded as much of the romance of our situation and the mystery of losing her as with love. At least I'm anxious to get home and get busy and, I confess, to feel a firm little arm hooked through mine on Fifth Avenue. I'm remembering the mute hurt in her blue eyes when I last sailed away. I've sent a cable to Cordelia.

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A LOYAL MAN

Continued from page 13

the table end rapped sharply at last. He talked quietly in thick Russian and lifted a glass to the picture of the Tsar that hung on the side wall. Men lifted up, spurs and medals tinkling, raising glasses. Automatically the general raised himself also and drank. He knew the rest were watching him closely, sneering a little, thinking him a hypocrite. But he drank because he was loyal to the toast.

THEY wouldn't understand that. They had accused him of delivering the Second Army Corps to the Bolsheviki. They had accused him of accepting the post of commissar at the city of Brobruisk. That latter was true. But he had not delivered the Second Army Corps. It had been ready to transfer its loyalty, and the Tsar himself, warned of the trend of events, had sent a secret message to go over to the communist party and endeavor to trap them. Young Ivan had brought the message. And he had died somewhere during the Revolution. And General Kostroma had schemed and plotted with them, made believe he was with them, which was all the easier because he was peasant born and his wife was a thick-limbed, coarse-faced woman from the banks of Father Dnieper, by no stretch of imagination an artistocrat.

He fingered his glass and came to himself with a start. The officers were standing, looking at him. Berexoff, old Berexoff who had been on his staff, was approaching him, white-faced and stern. Berexoff clicked his heels and saluted.

"General, we have been at pains to adjust this matter. You will appreciate that. We have no more to say. We have shown you these last courtesies because some of us have fought under you, followed you, know that for all you have done you were once a soldier. And as gentlemen we have tried to honor the soldier that was. Now we will leave you for half an hour, and when we return we will bring men to carry you away. We may not give you a farewell, a military burial, because that is reserved for those who have died loyal men. We are sorry it has come to this."

The general bent his head, and his old eyes were misty.

"I would like a flag, an old Imperial flag, to cover me. . . . I have served the Tsar . . ." he said hesitatingly. Berexoff shook his head with real regret.

"The Imperial flag is for soldiers who—"

The general gestured, interrupting him, understanding what he was about to say. The Imperial flag was not to cover traitors. They had rendered him all the honor they felt called on to render. They had treated him like gentlemen, with tact and courtesy. He had to remain content. Still, it was hard. Denied even the flag at the last.

The general smiled thinly. So they were sorry it had come to this. Yes, the general was sorry too. It would do no good to explain to them. They wouldn't understand. They would only regard him with contempt, thinking he was trying to escape. He was a brave man. They were right there. He had not received all his medals because he was the Tsar's favorite soldier, as so many had done. He raised himself to his feet and bowed, first to Berexoff, then to the remaining officers. He smiled again, wearily. He had always tried to do his best.

He said clearly, "I thank you," and they wondered at his dignity and his courage.

Berexoff reached into a pocket and laid an automatic on the table. Then, with another salute, he withdrew. They all withdrew, leaving the general alone at the head of the table, alone with the picture of the Tsar smiling down on him. He laughed aloud then, but without mirth. He who had been faithful all his life was about to die as a traitor at the end.

IN THE hallway outside the dining-room the officers were gathered in little silent knots, faces tense, bodies rigid. No man met his companion's eyes, and the mind of each was fixed far away on past splendors, trying to remember as soldiers and gentlemen should all the best and none of the worst of the man they had left alone. The minutes ticked away, and presently there was a muffled hammering on the front door of the house. The officers stirred, looked at each other questioningly. Someone went to the door, and the sound of an excited voice drifted to the listening ears.

"It's Ivan, young Ivan," muttered Berexoff, relaxing. Then young Ivan was among them, his scarred face alight and eager, his hands twitching.

"Kostroma!" he panted, breathless, for he had run fast. "You have General Kostroma here!" They gathered round him, frowning, a little jarred by the loud interruption of a solemn moment.

"What of that, Ivan?" Berexoff snapped harshly.

Then Ivan laughed.

"I had word only a short time ago that you were feasting him here . . . preparing him as we have prepared the others. I hope I am in time. He must be honored and not shamed, the greatest loyalist of us all."

"Are you mad?" Berexoff snapped again. But young Ivan shook his head.

"All of General Kostroma's actions were in accordance with secret orders that he received from the Tsar . . . before the Tsar died. This I swear. My word upon it. . . . Am I too late?"

They regarded him with growing astonishment, dumfounded, amazed. Berexoff put out a suddenly trembling hand and touched him on the shoulder.

"Secret orders from the Tsar . . . to play the traitor?"

"Aye, and to check the Bolsheviki at the proper time. But the Revolution came too fast for that."

"Ivan! You talk of hidden things. How do you know?"

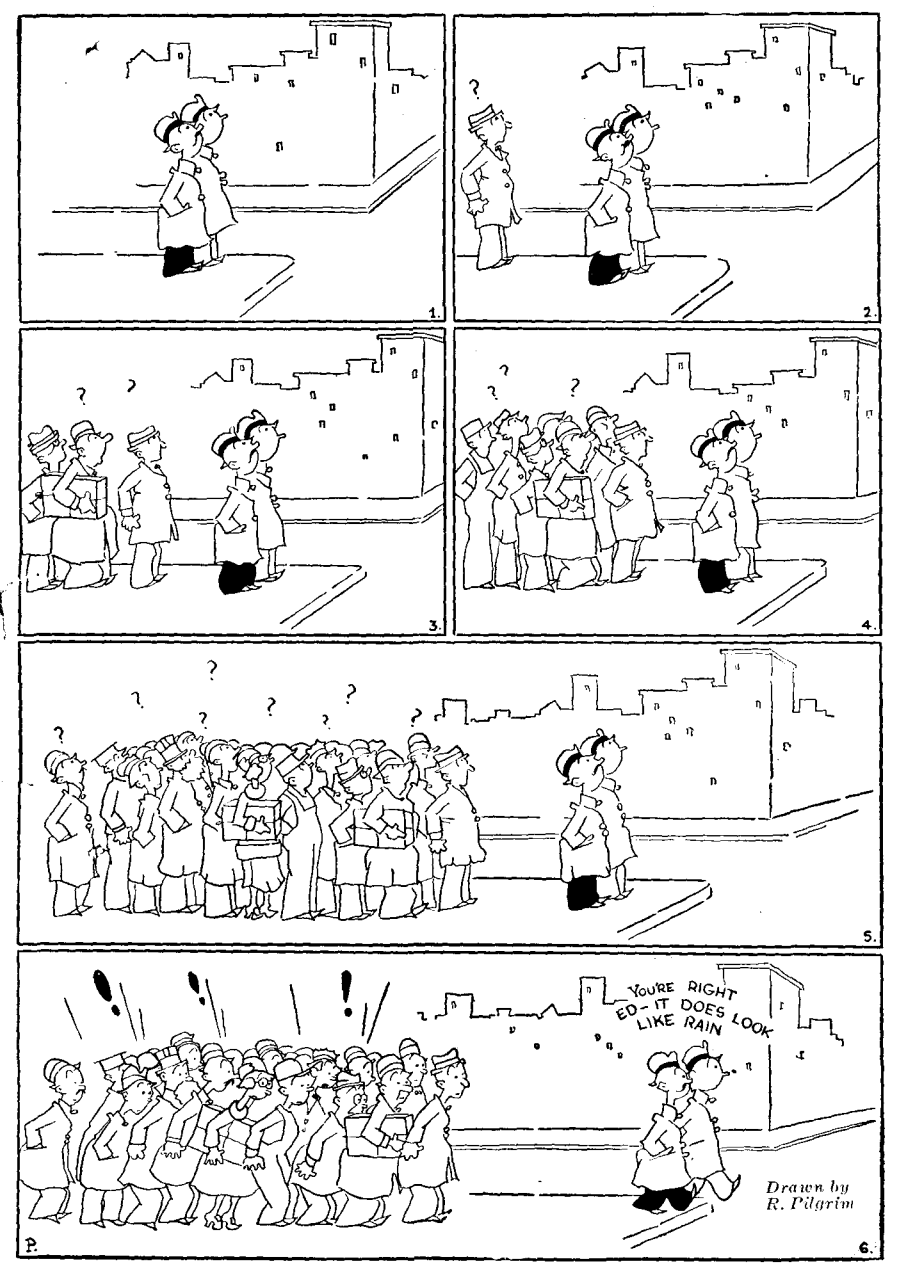
Young Ivan drew himself to his full height and his face, terribly scarred because of what the Bolsheviki had done to him, was set and grim.

"The orders were secret, and I swore to keep them so. I swore to the Little Father himself. . . . Nor have I spoken until to-night. But when I heard that you had General Kostroma here I came in haste, knowing that I must speak at last. . . . I carried the secret orders to the general before Lemberg. He is a loyal man."

They all stood then, rigid and unmoving again for perhaps a minute, while the passionate, earnest voice of young Ivan rang in the hallway, young Ivan whom the general had thought of as dead. "He is a loyal man."

Then with an oath Berexoff turned and started toward the doorway of the dining-room. He stopped short in his tracks, and the others stopped short behind him as they all caught the muffled hammering sound of a shot. Young Ivan, hardly understanding yet that he was too late, repeated stupidly, "He is a loyal man."

Bexeroff straightened and breathed deeply. He grated out harsh orders and an officer started, gaped a little and then disappeared back down the hallway. When he returned there shimmered over his arm the silken folds of the Imperial flag. Berexoff nodded. They all nodded. It was all they could do now. The Imperial flag to cover a loyal man.



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HOSEGARD Protection—the modern help to better shoe shining—is rapidly being adopted throughout America.

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Don't carry throat germs home to your family!

Sore throat now *grippe tonight!*

***unless you start antiseptic treatment* instantly**

Why wait till you get home? Start *now* to fight sore throat.

Hour by hour, the sore throat germs are multiplying. A mere gargle morning and night is not enough.

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Take one of these pleasant-tasting tablets every hour or so to *treat* sore throat; every two or three hours to help *prevent* it. All druggists. The Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. K-1, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

Doctors endorse it

Formamint
THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

JIM THE CONQUEROR

Continued from page 7

he did—with the bear just six feet behind him! Oi-yoi! Oi-yoi!

"Well, that Hackett imbecile isn't dull, at any rate. And I did start to say something banal—all about never having suspected his attachment! I see it all very clearly now. Right there little Bobby went blah! Yes, that was a sour note—and he has an ear for music. That man-animal has some pride—and I had thought they all had ego!"

She sat down in a low rocker to think it over very carefully. As usual, her resentment and rage were disappearing at the double; she was only sensible now of a feeling of humiliation, not so much because of what Glenn Hackett had said and done but because she had failed so miserably in feminine adroitness to meet an extraordinary situation. In a way of speaking, he had demolished her. The only thing he had been decent enough to refrain from doing was to laugh at her, but of course he had been much too angry to do that.

HE HAD contented himself with glaring at her in a most unloverlike manner, which demonstrated all too conclusively that his protestations of love, made a minute before, had been unpremeditated, unsound, insecure and wholly inconsequential. She was glad now that she had found him out, because for a month she had been asking herself if it could be possible she was becoming seriously interested in the man. She decided now that this unusualness, as compared with the average run of men, was what had challenged her interest and attention, for of course she could never afford to admit, even to herself, that he had aroused every drop of sporting blood in her sporting little body.

And he had proved to her what a monumental failure she had turned out to be in an art where, to quote Crooked Bill again, she was supposed to be one hundred and fifty per cent perfect!

Suddenly Roberta began to laugh. Such a hearty, merry, mellow little laugh it was. "Thinks he's won a great victory," she decided. "Well, like John Paul Jones, I have not yet begun to fight. I'll yet bring that unusual man to my knees, and when I have him there I'll—well, I'll not do anything so unladylike as to put my foot in his face, but I'll laugh at him! I swear I will. I'll laugh out loud!"

There is always a feeling of comfort when one has come to a decision after wrestling with a knotty problem. Roberta had her poise back again; she felt again that she was ready to conquer new worlds and make them like it. So she went into her sitting-room and opened the door leading into the hall and the window that overlooked the veranda. Then she sat down at her little boudoir grand piano and played loudly "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back." When she had finished that and was trying to think up another musical insult, somebody commenced whistling "In the Gloaming" from the veranda. The loathsome words of the first verse ran through Roberta's brain:

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free.

"He's a bit of a dog," thought Roberta tranquilly. Then she remembered the city of his birth, which he had long since left, so she banged out furiously: "Back, Back, Back to Baltimore!" Whereupon Mr. Hackett went back, but not to Baltimore. He went back to the days of sickly sentimental ballads, and Roberta heard him sing—or rather chant, for the man was tone deaf:

"She was happy till she met you,
And the fault is all your own;
If she wishes to forget you,
You will please leave her alone."

Roberta stuck her red head out the window. "Hey! Hey!" she called. "We're silly."

"Your apology is accepted," Glenn Hackett called up to her, without showing himself.

"It's a terrible thing to have to hate a human being so," Roberta decided, and closed the window. Then she went downstairs and found Glenn Hackett and Crooked Bill in the library enjoying old-fashioned bourbon whisky cocktails.

"Have one, honey?" her guardian asked coaxingly. "A tiny one?"

"No, thank you, Uncle Bill. Give my share to Mr. Hackett. He's going to need it to give him courage to face the future."

"Bah!" Mr. Hackett replied rudely. He caught a wildly approving wink from Crooked Bill and decided to leap in over his head. "Sour grapes," he added—a bit viperishly, Roberta thought.

Roberta smiled with exceeding politeness, but there was coolness in the smile. Crooked Bill noticed her chin had gone up about a quarter of an inch. "You remind me, Glenn, of the soldiers who volunteered in the late war."

"Naturally I would, Bobby. I volunteered. I saw my duty and did it nobly."

"Exactly, you lacked the courage to wait for the draft."

He was nonplused, and no man can be nonplused and not show it. Roberta's silvery laugh rang through the house. "Let's be good friends, Glenn," she said in her most ingratiating and fascinating manner. "You are so intelligent one can't help being attracted to you, and usually you're very nice. Really, if your bank account should ever be brought to the sere and yellow leaf you should set up as a fortune teller and mind reader."

"I thought I had read yours correctly. I see now I did not."

"Indeed, you did. You're marvelous."

"You'll marry me when I get ready to marry you," he charged amiably.

"Why, you tell jokes, don't you?"

"Time!" Crooked Bill saw that the issue was far from clarifying. "No more of these lovers' quarrels, Roberta. Glenn is staying for dinner. You'll join us, of course, honey?"

"Why, certainly, Uncle Bill. How delightful, Glenn!"

ANY man who thinks he can outfence a woman is a fool, and suddenly Glenn Hackett realized he was all of that. Such realizations always disturb a manly man. "If I remain for dinner, Mr. Latham, I fear I'll not be able to do justice to your excellent cuisine. Therefore, with your permission, Bobby, and yours, sir, I'd like to motor back to town."

Crooked Bill was upset. "Hell's fire!" he exclaimed, employing his most formidable oath. He had placed his money, so to speak, on young Hackett, and now the ingrate was running out on him. He was prepared to make a vigorous protest, but the maid, entering with a telegram, rendered that impossible.

"A telegram for you, Miss Roberta!"

"Thanks, Minna. May I?" With uplifted brows to her uncle and his guest, she commenced to tear the envelope.

"She's very polite, no matter what her other faults may be," Hackett remarked to Crooked Bill. Roberta ignored him and read aloud:

LOS ALGODONES, LAS CRUCES CO., TEX.
September 9, 1925

Miss Roberta Antrim
Hillcrest
Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Your Uncle Tom had an argument with a cowman yesterday stop there will be a funeral to-morrow stop I got your address by frisking Uncle Tom on whose person was found your letter to him of the second instant stop if you insist I will send him to you charges prepaid stop however if you will take the advice of a well-intentioned stranger you will permit him to await the trump of resurrection in the land his sheep made fallow stop if you have any interest in his estate I suggest you take steps to protect it stop if unable to do this immediately wire me authority and I will take charge of it stop most usually I am honest stop reference Union National El Paso. JAIME MIGUEL HIGUENES."

Crooked Bill's voice was the first to break the silence when Roberta had finished reading this remarkable communication. "It's true. There is a God that marks the sparrow's fall—and your Uncle Tom was a bird!"

"Well, now that he's dead, Uncle Bill, you might be charitable and speak kindly of him. At least he was my last of kin," Roberta chided the old man.

"All right, honey, I'll not say another word."

GLENN HACKETT thought the situation, while a bit clouded, deserved the customary consideration. "I'm very sorry, Bobby," he said.

"That's kind of you, Glenn. Unfortunately, I knew Uncle Tom very slightly; I never had opportunity to develop an affection for him, so really the news of his death comes to me with something of the same interest with which one learns that the Ameer of Afghanistan has been assassinated—again! It's much too bad, of course, but really poor Uncle Tom wasn't a very lovable character, I'm afraid."

"He was a turkey buzzard," Crooked Bill declared with finality. "Roberta's paternal uncle," he went on to explain for the benefit of Hackett. "There was something unstable about the whole Antrim tribe. Roberta's father went in for the nigger minstrels, and Tom took to associating with sheep. I reckon the old bandit must have been worth considerable, and so far as I know, Roberta, you're his next of kin. So it looks as if you're in the sheep business on the border.

Roberta read the letter again. "Judging by the name of the sender of this telegram, Jaime Miguel Higuenes, it would appear that Texas boasts at least one very intelligent, very thoughtful, very frank and very humorous Mexican. He expresses himself like an educated American. Uncle Bill, you spent a great many years in that country. Do you happen to know the Higuenes family?"

Crooked Bill's face had worn his most crafty smile while Roberta was speaking, but now it was blank and expressionless. "It's been twenty-five years since I operated down there, Roberta, and since the revolution—or rather since the revolutions—the old families have been wiped out and their estates confiscated. Higuenes! Higuenes! I can't seem to remember anybody by that name. And of course, honey, an American never gets very well acquainted with the local greasers."

"It would appear," Roberta decided presently, "that I have need to engage a lawyer to investigate Uncle Tom's estate." She glanced with frank interest and approval at Hackett.

"Certainly. Of course," Crooked Bill agreed, and thought more kindly of Uncle Tom for having provided an opportunity for these two to forget their recent differences and be friendly again in the name of business. "Hackett is the very man."

"Hackett isn't," that harassed person declared with finality. "Jaime Miguel Higuenes is. That man is honest and fearless. I can tell that much from his telegram. Also he gives a bank reference. If you desire, Mr. Latham, I shall telegraph the bank he mentions." He made Roberta a slight, deprecatory bow. "I'm venturing to presume that you are going to intrust your Uncle Bill with the details of this case. It would be confusing and annoying to you to have to attend to it personally."

"Certainly, Glenn. Uncle Bill is the

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natural and inevitable bearer of all my burdens."

"If the bank's reply would seem to indicate the advisability of requesting Higuenes to take charge of your Uncle Tom's estate for the present, may I send him a telegram, signing your name, and requesting him to do so, Roberta?"

"I think I shall leave the entire matter to you and Uncle Bill," Roberta replied with indifference. She was rereading the telegram.

"I think," she declared, "that Jaime Miguel Higuenes must be a perfectly fascinating person. In seventeen words he gives one the whole dramatic story of a bloody shooting scrape out on the range and then gives one the impression—in fact, the conviction—that the result was no surprise to him and that he is not sorry the tragedy occurred! He is resourceful, not squeamish and has initiative, because in the pursuit of information he dared to pick a dead man's pocket. He is kind and friendly and thoughtful and wants to help a person he has never seen, and he is a man of substance and takes a justifiable pride in his personal and financial standing."

"OH, THOSE Mexican dons are as proud as Lucifer," Crooked Bill assured her.

"He is also good-natured and easy going, otherwise he would not bother himself with the probably thankless task of protecting the interests of a stranger. Probably he acted thus because I am a woman, which proves he is gallant and chivalrous."

"A sort of knight-errant," Crooked Bill murmured maliciously, and Hackett shot him a look of displeasure. "Well, Mexicans, of whatever class, are very polite to a lady. They always make a great to-do about women. The chances are this Higuenes is an educated halfbreed Aztec Indian."

"I don't believe it," Roberta declared with conviction. "I'm sure he's pure Castilian and most delightful."

"Probably older than Cortez," Crooked Bill hazarded.

"Nonsense, Uncle Bill. He's young. Of course he is. There's a note of careless youth in this telegram, and I'm surprised that you have overlooked it. He is very handsome, with raven black hair and white teeth; he is about six feet tall, has small hands and feet and sings and plays the guitar under ladies' windows; when he greets a lady he bows over her hand and kisses it, oh, so lightly and respectfully. I adore men like that."

Glenn Hackett fidgeted uncomfortably. He knew he was under fire, but from ambush. However, he decided to try a chance shot: "If he should ever meet you, Bobby, he would undoubtedly fall in love with you. And of course you'd tease him on, for the mere joy of the conquest, and when he awakened to the true state of affairs his love would turn to hatred and he'd tuck you away in the local cemetery with your late Uncle Tom."

"That's right, Hackett. A girl can't play fast and loose with her Latin sweetheart. They have their women trained down there and lead them in the way they should go. I wish Higuenes had informed us who killed Cock Robin. He merely says it was a cowman. Odds of four to one, eh? Hurrah for our side. No Mexican cleans up an American sheepman and three herders so thoroughly, so I am constrained to think the good Samaritan must hail from north of the Rio Grande."

"I wonder if he got hurt?" Roberta murmured.

"Does it matter particularly?" For a reason he had not even tried to analyze, but which had been born of a subconscious resentment of the man who had made it possible to interject Jaime Miguel Higuenes into Roberta's thoughts, Glenn Hackett spoke.

Ten thousand cunning imps peeped for an instant from Crooked Bill's old eyes. "No, he didn't get hurt—at least, not very badly."

"How do you know?" Hackett demanded, and Roberta looked at her uncle inquiringly.

"I don't know. I just feel it, bud. Did I ever tell you that I am the seventh son of a seventh son and that I was born with a veil?"

"No, you did not, and this is the first I have heard of it." Roberta challenged. "I believe you know Jaime Miguel Higuenes."

"I couldn't make an affidavit to that, Roberta. I cannot recall having met him or even heard of him, so help me!"

"You're somewhat mysterious."

"That's why he's called Crooked Bill," Hackett informed her.

"I'm not all mysterious," the old rascal protested.

"I know you're not, Uncle Bill. You're perfectly obvious, but you adore appearing mysterious."

And just then the butler entered to announce dinner. "Better reconsider your decision and break bread with us," Crooked Bill urged their guest.

"Yes, do," Roberta pleaded.

"Thank you, I think I shall not." Then to the butler: "Harms, will you be good enough to get my hat and coat and telephone the garage for my car?"

WHEN Glenn Hackett's car had rolled away down the driveway, Crooked Bill turned to his ward.

"Round two for little Bright-eyes. I'm placing my money on the red."

"Who," the girl demanded firmly, "is Jaime Miguel Higuenes?"

"I don't know, honey. I can only suspect, and some day I'll verify my suspicions and tell you."

"Please tell me your suspicions now, there's a dear," and Roberta smiled her most coaxing smile and put her arms around Crooked Bill's neck.

"Ah," he murmured, "a man can struggle along under a mystery, but it drives a woman crazy. A moment ago you stated I adore being mysterious. Honey, I'm an old man with only you and my love of appearing mysterious making life worth the living, so I'll not tell you what I suspect, and you are perfectly powerless to drag it out of me. Moreover, you've treated that boy scandalously, because he's much too fine a young fellow to be accorded the same treatment the sprays of sweet clover you've been accustomed to have received at your hands."

"Don't scold," Roberta pleaded.

"Then don't try to pry out of me things I cannot tell you."

"For two cents," Roberta threatened, "I'd go down to Los Algodones and investigate Jaime Miguel Higuenes personally."

"If you do, you'll get the surprise of your sweet young life, my dear."

Roberta's brown eyes danced. Nobody knew better than Crooked Bill how she cherished surprises. Figuratively speaking, she would swim a muddy river if a surprise awaited her on the opposite shore.

"I think I should go down to Uncle Tom's funeral," she suggested. "I'm the last of the Antrims, and it would be rather indecent of me to permit strangers—and not very sympathetic strangers, I fear—to bury him."

Crooked Bill was always practical, even if mysterious. "I wouldn't do that, honey. I'm afraid Uncle Tom won't keep until you get there. I never heard of ice or undertakers in Los Algodones, and as for hermetically sealed caskets, there just aren't any. I have a friend down there, however, and I'll wire him to attend to the obsequies and send flowers for you and a wreath of cactus for me."

"Why have you always disliked Uncle Tom so?"

"Because you're his niece, not mine, and he's never showed the slightest interest in you, except to send you five dollars at Christmas and on your birthdays; because I staked the unholy wretch in the cow business and he sold out the cows, refused to pay the loan, went to Mexico where I couldn't collect and set up in the sheep business; because he was ornery from birth and looked it; because from the day I married your aunt until the day of her death Uncle Tom grafted off me on the strength of the fact that I had married his sister; because it was his nature to approach every proposition in life from the side or the rear, never from the front. Your father was not what I would call a mental giant, Roberta, but he was kind and amusing and on the square, whereas your Uncle Tom was a throwback, a black sheep."

"Every family has them," the girl defended.

"Well, honey, you haven't yours any more!"

THE following evening Glenn Hackett, having recovered marvelously from his indisposition of the day before, called for dinner. "The bank gives the man Higuenes most flattering recommendations, Mr. Latham," he announced. "He has plenty of cash and worldly assets, and his record is clean. He is known as a man of honor and can be trusted implicitly."

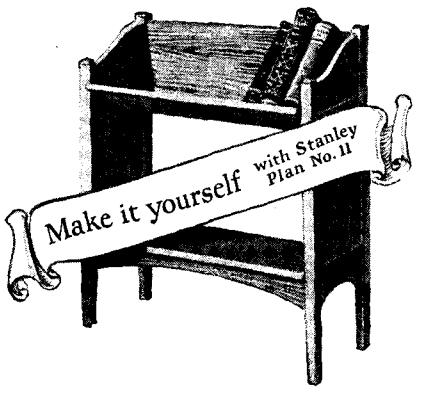
Crooked Bill nodded, as if this report was not a matter of surprise to him.

Hackett resumed, "I cannot go to Texas to attend to this matter of yours, Roberta. It will be necessary to engage a local lawyer to handle your affairs there, and I suppose Higuenes can direct you to a good one. I imagine you will have to proceed to Los Algodones immediately, and I suggest that when you do you provide yourself with a birth certificate and affidavits proving your relationship to the deceased."

"I shall start to-morrow," Roberta decided, and added maliciously, "I can hardly wait to meet that adorable Jaime Miguel Higuenes!"

(To be continued next week)

Miss Arizona takes a correspondence course in swimming preparatory to entering the beauty contest next summer at Atlantic City



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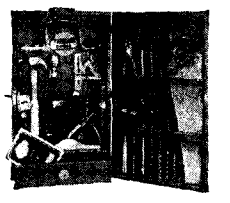

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THEY CALL IT LOVE

Continued from page 26

and sister as a natural if lamentable consequence of forced maturity. Those few days when he had seemed almost happy had been due to letters received secretly from Lona—who, even with an ocean between them, hadn't been able to refrain from feeding his passion, that her return might find him more her devoted slave than ever!

Such cruelty was more than heartless, it was monstrous: an enormity the fruit of selfishness in Fay's comprehension, not merely hateful but utterly *abominable.*

And yet, now that she was squarely faced with it, constrained to consider it, had Lona's conduct with her been any less censurable?

If constructively it had, in proportion, Fay couldn't be expected to find it more easy to forgive.

THE lies which Lona had uttered to hold Fay her friend had resulted in the wrecking of Fay's love for Don and the unhappiness he had found in a loveless marriage. And the girl had never even apologized for them, but had continued calmly to weave her tissues of misrepresentation until one day the rotten fabric was rent by its own weight and collapsed, whereupon Lona as tranquilly had admitted that her relations with Lander had been what everybody but Fay believed they were for months before her migration from Chicago and that she saw no reason to believe they would ever be better; that her tale of a divorce impending with marriage to Lander to follow had been sheer invention. Only to her apology of an overmastering love had she been faithful.

"We can't help it—can we?—if Mrs. Lander knows which side her bread's buttered on and shuts her eyes to what every friend of theirs knows. She doesn't care *that* for Carl any more, but she's dead in love with being the wife of a man of his importance and knows he doesn't dare break with her when so much of his money is in her name; and so long as he lets her go her way she's perfectly satisfied to let him go his. And if she feels like that about it, and there's nothing we can do to make things different, I don't see any use in people who love each other the way Carl and I do making each other perfectly miserable. At the same time there's no sense in our hiring a band wagon, is there?"

But never a syllable of regret for the ruin her lies had wrought in Fay's life, though she must have known—had, indeed, more than once let this or that slip to show that she at least strongly suspected what the cause had been of the rift which had parted Fay from Don. . . .

And why had she never stopped to think all these things out for herself before tonight?

Fay answered that question to herself in a shudder of revulsion: Because she herself had been the victim of an infatuation as ruinous in its way as that which was driving poor Beau to distraction: an infatuation from which only the power of a truer love could ever have disenthralled her.

She perceived, but in pain rather than gladness, that Don still loved her, had never ceased to love her, but had been turned from her by her insensate refusal to realize that the love he gave was the greater, the more unselfish.

Who but one who loved her could have waked her up as Don had tonight with words of such brutal kindness?

And she could never requite him. . . .

Somebody with a blurred tongue spoke to her, and she started out of profound abstraction to find that she had been standing, completely dissociated from her environment, alone in the women's dressing-room, she couldn't guess for how many minutes. And answering the girl who had addressed her without knowing what she answered, she caught up her wrap and fled.

She was at the foot of stairs which delivered her directly to the foyer before she saw Don standing there, a polo coat thrown over his shoulders, a soft gray hat in hand, looking her way as though he had been waiting for her.

And, pulling up in sharp disconcertion, she was made aware of circumstances which rendered the predicament hideously more awkward. A number of people were with Don, who seemingly had come to the door to see him away, Carl and Lona, Dora and Douglas, one or two others—people who couldn't be expected to believe, knowing even what little the best-informed among them knew of what had been between them, that Fay hadn't timed this unannounced departure of hers purposely to coincide with Don's.

She could even read this intelligence already dawning in their smiles.

And Don was doing his best, his for once blundering best, to cover for her!

"Why, hello, Fay! You off already? This is a bit of luck. I've got my car downstairs, so, if you like, I can give you a lift."

"Well," she heard Dora delightfully gurgle, "if Don calls it luck, I guess that makes it unanimous!"

Nothing to do but put the best face she could on it. "Thank you, Don," Fay said with a grateful smile. "I'll be glad."

"What's your hurry, sweet?" Lona archly called. "It isn't like you to ease out as soon as a party gets good and started."

"I know. But I'm not feeling very well tonight; I've got a little headache."

"Ought to cultivate them, Fay," Carl Lander commented: "you never looked more radiant."

Yesterday she wouldn't have minded their teasing; tonight she found it insufferable. There was but one thought in all their perverted minds, an innuendo written large in all their leers. And it was impossible that it should be otherwise: it was impossible for them, for anyone among them, save Don alone, to read into this affair of mischance any significance but one, that she had been caught in the act of sneaking away to renew an old affair with a man now married.

But how surely the protest was justified that Don ten minutes since had cried:

God in Heaven! what was she doing here?

She felt she was blushing and heard Don once more rallying to the rescue: "Let's shove along, then, if your head aches, Fay—a whiff of air will do you good."

There wasn't any escape. It wouldn't do to turn and race back up the stairs. And yet that way lay her only safety. Madness to go with him, to be alone with him tonight! . . .

She stared blankly at his polo coat. Why was Don wearing that ridiculous thing with a dinner jacket? To be in tune with this nightmare, she supposed. But of course! He had driven in from the country, answering his mother's summons without stopping to change.

What was she saying? Something idiotic, for a wager: "If you're sure you're *quite* ready, Don . . . I don't want to hurry you."

What on earth had prompted her tongue to pronounce words so inane?

And why didn't Don answer?

SHE saw him turning from her, then that everybody else had all at once lost interest in her confusion. They were all staring at the door to the public corridor. A waiter had just opened it to admit belated guests, two women whom she had never seen before, but strikingly pretty creatures, stunningly turned out (How did people put it? 'Thoroughbreds to their fingertips!') and a man with them whom she knew very well. Paul Manquist! Though that was impossible. Don had said Manquist was his guest at his place in the country. Don had left him down there.

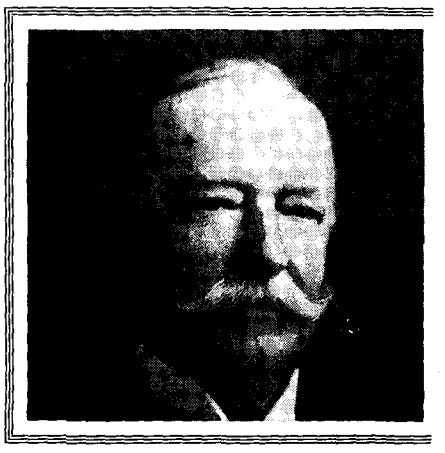
But it was Manquist! She knew the voice that was cheerily calling to his friends. "Hullo, Lona! A bit late, but I was determined your housewarming shouldn't pan out a failure—promised myself I'd show up if I had to beg a lift from the milkman. Brought a brace of friends along, too, you'll be glad to know. 'Lo, Carl! Why, Don, what the deuce you doing here?"

Don said something that Fay didn't catch, and a metallic yet sweet voice chimed clearly: "It doesn't look like his poor dear mamma's boudoir that we'd stumbled into, does it?"

She was again aware of Don's tuned murmur, but again without getting any sense of what he was saying. One of the women who had come in with Manquist was looking her up and down with eyes of ironical glimmer and a smile that perfectly matched. A woman who was entirely a stranger, yet Fay knew who she was; knew and dared not name her! . . . It was all too horrible.

The staring woman cried with the tongue that had been sarcastic about his poor dear mamma's boudoir:

"Audrey, my darling, did you ever hear of anything so absolutely priceless? Here they are, both of them that I was telling you about not an hour ago—the constant nymph and the glit-



tersnipe!" Then that voice of honeyed insolence added to itself an accent of mocking impatience: "Don, you poor dumb thing, I insist on your stopping that dreadful stammering this instant! You're not saying anything, and I want you to present me to all these pretty ladies. But first of all the constant nymph. I've been dying to meet her. I want to ask her what she sees in you to excuse her being constant."

FAY heard no more. The jeering woman blocked the way out, but that was a slight consideration. To get back upstairs wasn't to be thought of, involving, as it must, her continuing under the same roof with these impossible people.

She found herself in action, and felt, as though she were moving in a dream toward Don's wife, who looked momentarily startled, then drew herself up and looked down through her lashes, looked down from a great height of disdain.

At the same time she smiled and held out her hand.

"How do you do?" she condescendingly said. "This is charming of you indeed, Miss—?"

Fay halted without seeming aware of the hand.

"Will you be good enough to let me pass? Please! You are in my way."

She saw the woman's face blaze white, but somebody—was it Don?—said in a commanding tone, "Don't be a fool, Letty!"—and plucked her back.

And Fay was immediately in the corridor, the door crashing to behind her.

One of the elevators happened to be passing the floor, and the operator, hearing the noise, peered and saw the girl and stopped the car.

But she was no more conscious of a heart in her bosom till the shaft gate clanged and the cage began to drop.

(To be continued next week)

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Clowning Through Life

Continued from page 22

I give you my word that the one is but little more shocking to me than the other. I cannot believe that the average normal human being, if he were to see an execution with his own eyes, would ever thereafter cast a vote for capital punishment.

But to speak of more pleasant things. We had some varied experiences at the Comique that winter. For example, there came to Leadville a man named Sullivan, who made his living by traveling about over the country, staging productions at concert halls of The Black Crook, the extravaganza which had created such a sensation in the East with its full-length tights ten years before. He had a few of the costumes which went with the show, and the rest were supplied by the local company.

The manager of the Comique signed up with him for a two weeks' production, and of course we actors, tumblers, contortionists and what not all had a part of some kind or other. The ballet —numbering about fifteen—consisted mostly of waitresses and dance-hall girls, tall and short, fat and lean; and the fit, or rather misfit, of their tights was a sight to behold, though their dancing

Chief Justice Taft

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"Stop Helping the Criminal"

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

was perhaps even more startling. The "gorgeous, scintillating spectacle" seen in New York was a rather pale imitation in the mining camp honky-tonks.

I impersonated Rudolph, the hero of the piece, while Sullivan essayed the part of the heavy. On the first night there had already been several hitches and miscues when we reached the point where Sullivan and I were in dialogue. He was supposed to answer a speech of mine with "Well said, my lad, well said!" But I mistook my cue and cut in on him several phrases ahead of time. He swelled visibly and his face turned purple under his make-up. Finally he ejaculated, "Well said, me lad, but said too damn soon!" It got a big laugh from the audience, and I am convinced that most of them thought that line was in the script.

The Founder of the Elks

CHARLES VIVIAN, the founder of the Elks, came to Leadville that winter and played at our theatre. Vivian was an English singing actor who came to America about the first of the year 1868. He had been a member of a little club of actors over in London called The Jolly Corks, and soon after he reached New York, being a likable, convivial fellow, he organized a similar club among his new actor friends in that city. Very shortly afterward the charter members changed the name of the club to the Elks. The organization became a prominent one and began to throw out branches, and so a great order was founded.

Vivian was the first to play Sir Joseph Porter in Pinafore in this country. That was in 1878. Soon afterward he started west with an opera organization, but the company stranded, and Vivian struck out on his own, doing the concert halls. He was an excellent monologist and singer and could do a whole program single-handed. His favorite song, the one by which he is best remembered by the old-timers, was Ten Thousand Miles Away.

When he and his wife arrived in Leadville they encountered the usual difficulty in finding a place to sleep, and I suggested that until he could find a room Mrs. Vivian might stay with Rose, while he and I bunked on the concert-hall stage, as I had done the previous winter. So again we procured the little straw mattresses, and he and I spent several nights there.

A "Hey Rube" Battle

LATER in the winter pneumonia raged in the town in what seemed to be almost epidemic form, and poor Vivian contracted the disease and died of it. With all her modern improvements, Leadville had not yet acquired a hearse; she was too busy with the living to give any thought to the dead. So Vivian's casket was hauled to the raw, ugly little cemetery just outside of town in an ordinary express wagon.

The concert halls put on a big benefit performance for his wife, in which we all took part. Several hundred dollars was raised, with which she went back to New York, and I suppose returned to England. Vivian's body lay in the cemetery at Leadville for two years, his grave marked—like many others—with only a piece of plank on which his name was scrawled. Then the Elks lodges, which now were becoming numerous throughout the country, became cognizant of the matter, and they removed his body to Boston, where it was placed under a handsome monument.

We closed our second season at Leadville in the spring of 1880 and followed it up with short engagements at Georgetown and Golden, then hopeful little mining camps. At Georgetown I asked the proprietor of the concert hall who he had on the bill, and he told me with some pride that, among other stars, William Devere and his wife, Ella Arnold, were booked.

Devere, widely known in the profession as Big Bill, was a unique character. He had a great, beefy, powerful body, and was a bad man to stir up. He had traveled for a while with John Robinson's Circus, doing a turn in the concert. At some little town down in Texas the audience tried to clean out the show, and in the "Hey, Rube!" battle which followed, Devere, swinging a steel-rimmed banjo, killed two cowboys.

The Deveres reached Georgetown that day in rather unusual fashion for actors; they came riding on burros over the rough, snowy roads across the mountains from Fairplay, and with no other baggage than a very small bag apiece. Evidently they were about down to hard pan. They had stopped overnight at a hospitable cabin on the way, but were about tuckered out when they reached Georgetown.

The manager asked Devere a bit uneasily about their wardrobe. "Oh, that's all right," said Bill. "We've got it—plenty of it." No one could guess where.

That night in the Grand Minstrel Opening, Devere was to be interlocutor —which of course called for evening dress—while I was on the end, wearing one of my comic minstrel costumes. Jim and I had by that time built up a pretty fine wardrobe.

I didn't see Devere that evening until just as we took our places on the stage. Then my eyes popped with astonishment. He had borrowed or stolen a dress coat from someone smaller than himself—for men as large as he were not common. He seemed about to burst out of it at the back and shoulders, and the sleeves came down to a point about halfway between his elbows and his wrists. He wore a false shirt front cut out of cardboard. I did not recognize my dress vest, but he had it on. He had sneaked it out of my trunk, split it up the back seam and pinned the two halves

(*Continued on page 44*)

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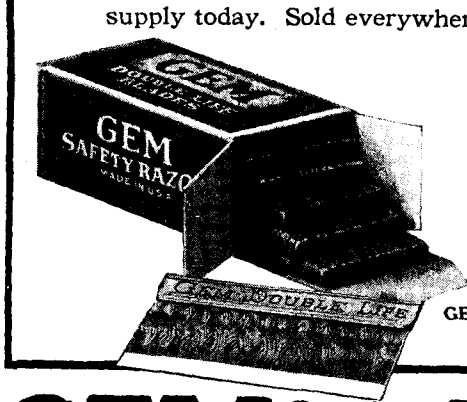

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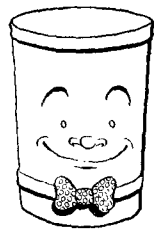

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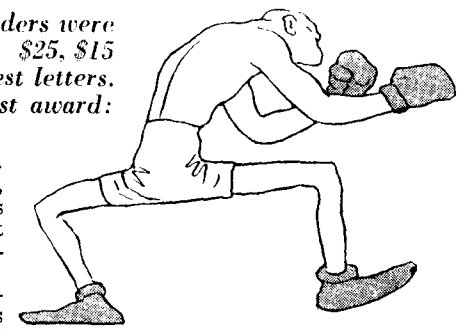
Should Boxing Be Abolished?

In a recent issue Collier's readers were invited to answer that question. $25, $15 and $10 were offered for the best letters. Here is the letter given the first award:



BOXING, so says the Encyclopedia Americana, is "a contest of skill, endurance and pluck," three counts on which it would seem to merit encouragement rather than abolishment.

That as a sport boxing has degenerated until question of its abolishment arises is manifestly due more to outside circumstances than to the art of boxing.

Arguing that boxing is intrinsically sound, to abolish it is comparable to scrapping a seaworthy vessel because it is barnacle-covered, whereas, like the vessel, all that it needs is a good immersion in fresh water—here the fresh water of educated public opinion.

Let the remedy be a matter not of legislation but of education. Launch a Better Boxing Boom, and since it is the boys of today who will be the boxing devotees of tomorrow, start there to lay the foundation for the new structure! Make boxing a part of the required gymnasium work in grade schools, and while teaching the rudiments of a sport which cannot but benefit boys physically, instill into them mentally such standards of sporting conduct as will in time cause the present evils to drop off by sheer weight of public disapprobation.

As for professional boxing bouts, in which the cry of abolishment originates: Boxing for sport is, of course, the ideal condition. However, as proficiency in boxing is only to be attained through long and persistent personal effort, it would be an arbitrary ruling, especially in a day when the tendency is to commercialize everything from romance to religion, that would forbid those who have acquired superior "skill, endurance and pluck" to turn the same to financial account. Here again education which will instill in the public generally a respect for boxing will solve the problem.

Not "Off with its head!" legislation but constructive education designed to eliminate the outside influences which are dragging boxing into disrepute is what is needed to raise the game to the high standard desired for it by all boxers of championship caliber.

J. B. WILBERTON, 4517 15th Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Washington.

The second best letter was by N. Hepburn, 15 Monument Street, Freehold, New Jersey; and the third best by James Lawlor, 36 Morton Street, New York

Clowning Through Life

Continued from page 43

to his shirt. He had filched a pair of trousers from somebody else and was bursting the buttons off them.

When it became necessary for me to wear my vest later in the evening, Rose had to fasten it up the back with safety pins. Mad? Of course I was! But what good did it do? Every time I looked at Devere and clenched my fists, I thought of those two cowboys down in Texas.

Denver was at that time a flourishing young frontier city of thirty or thirty-five thousand population (though of course claiming more), and Thompson and I, seeking new and more metropolitan fields, decided to try for an engagement there after we left Golden. We found the program full at the established concert halls, but we heard that a man named Chase was opening a new house, and we looked him up.

"Yes, I'm starting a concert hall and sporting resort," said he. "What salary do you want?"

"We'll start at twenty-five a week apiece," said I, "including my wife too, who works single. You know about us, I guess."

"Sure, I know about you," he replied. "I've seen you all in Leadville, and I'd like to have you. But I'll be frank with you. I've got just four hundred dollars capital. If my place is a go, I'll pay you. If I lose, I won't. Are you willing to gamble with me?"

There was something likable about his frankness. Jim and I looked at each other. I drew a quarter from my pocket and held it between thumb and finger. "Heads!" said Jim. I spun it in the air, caught it between my palms and lifted one hand. It was heads.

"Yes, we'll take a chance with you," said I; and, by the way, we didn't regret it. Chase's establishment made money from the start, and he was always on the square with us.

I am sorry I cannot speak as favorably for his gambling house—which of course was what he meant by "sporting resort": that was the elegant term for it in those days. There were fifty-two games of chance in his place, and a sucker couldn't win a dollar at any of them. Chase in later years started a lottery and made a fortune.

Denver prided itself on being one of the snappiest and most up-to-date cities in the country. Several years before, when it was a mere mining camp, it had gained renown as the place where a man committed a murder, was arrested, legally tried by jury, condemned and executed, all on the same day. Now it was adopting all the modern improvements as fast as they came out.

It was there that I saw my first incandescent electric light, there that I first saw and used the telephone, both having been installed in the city just that year of my arrival. The telephone as a practical instrument was scarcely three years old, and the electric light had just been invented by Edison, Denver being, I believe, among the first half dozen cities in the country to put it into use.

The five-story Tabor Block was just being completed upon my arrival, and for years afterward was the pride of the city. One of its features most often spoken of was the elevator to lift you to the upper floors—not a swift electric elevator like those of today, but one which moved at a snail's pace and was operated by pulling on a cable. Thousands of people visited the building just to ride on that elevator. If I remember rightly, I was one of them.

Our friend Big Bill Devere appeared in Denver that summer and fall, and distinguished himself by taking in the town one night in a hack, winding up about daybreak by stealing the hackman's overcoat. How this could happen I don't know, unless the hackman was drunker than he was. Anyhow, the Jehu had him arrested, and when I heard of it I went around to the court to see what happened.

They had a judge in Denver in those days who was a scourge to those whose feet strayed even momentarily from the path of virtue.

Rewards of Art

IT WAS into this stern tribunal that Bill Devere was brought for trial. The court at that time was being held, for some reason, in a vacant storeroom. The grist was small that morning, and as the complaining hackman had been delayed in reaching the court Bill's case was put last on the docket. Even then the chief witness hadn't put in an appearance, but a policeman assured the court that he would be here at any moment now, so the judge, unwilling to let any prisoner go for mere lack of evidence, agreed to wait for him and began glancing over the morning paper.

It was then that Bill Devere arose and said very deferentially, even humbly, "Your Honor, while we are waiting, may I beguile the time for the audience by reciting a few lines of poetry?"

The judge, startled, peered sourly over his glasses at Bill. Plainly he didn't know what to make of the request. But there was evidently in his mind some secret curiosity to see what Devere might be going to do, perhaps a secret readiness for a little diversion, for after a calculating scrutiny of the culprit he snapped, "All right, go ahead." At that, Bill began in a voice that quivered with emotion:

"Over the hill to the poorhouse I'm
trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy and only a trifle
gray—"

And thence he recited the poem through with a pathos which he knew would simply melt his audience to a soft paste. He had pulled out the tremolo stop to its full length, and put a sob into every line; and how it did work! When he had faltered through the last stanza every roughneck in the room was weeping copiously. Thence Bill switched into the sequel, "Over the Hill from the Poorhouse," in which the reprobate son comes back from the West and rescues his mother from the poor farm.

For a moment after Bill closed there was silence, broken only by the snuffling and blowing of noses from the numerous repentant sinners. Then the judge suddenly slammed his newspaper down on his desk and barked, "What the hell's this case about?"

"Well, the complainant ain't here yet, Your Honor," a policeman began, hesitatingly.

"Why ain't he here? Defendant dismissed!" roared the judge. "We can't set around here all day!"

Within five minutes I saw Devere sitting on the bench beside the judge, swapping yarns with him; and the next thing I heard was that they had been drunk together for three solid days. Such are the occasional rewards of Art.

Next week Eddie will tell about leaving Denver, making Frisco and coming to grief in Sacramento

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Life's Too Short

Continued from page 16

McLoughlin, the California Comet, was one of the most outstanding examples of a leading star passing suddenly. McLoughlin was at his best against Wilding and Brookes in 1914; two years later he was fading over the hill.

Strangely enough, Marathon runners, serving in one of the most killing of all the competitions, seem to carry on longer than most. Albin Stenroos wasn't far from forty when he won the last Olympic Marathon, and Clarence De Mar of Boston, in the forty-year neighborhood, has been winning Marathons for many years.

The veteran De Mar has been running the youngsters off their feet, so far ahead after the twentieth mile they couldn't shoot him with a cannon. Marathon running isn't a matter of agility or speed. It is endurance, condition, strength of fiber and soundness of heart. A Marathon runner can practice his pastime in star competition for twenty years, and he will usually be better after thirty than he was before.

What about football? Garbisch finished his eighth season at West Point where he was at his best. Harry Wilson last fall was a star in his sixth campaign at Penn. State and the Army.

Jim Thorpe was a star for something like a dozen campaigns at Carlisle and then later in the professional field. Thorpe has lasted eighteen years, but in the last few years he has lost his old speed and willowy litheness. If they don't pick up a bad ankle, knee or shoulder, they can play good football for about eight or ten years, but few are at their best much beyond twenty-six in the professional field.

The average professional football player can serve three or four years, and by that time he is about ready to be replaced. Joe Sternaman, the 144-pound Illinois quarter who was still a star in the professional field last fall, is one of those iron men who can outlast a dozen giants. He is all steel and rubber. Red Grange has now had four seasons of fast football, and he may be good for three or four more if an ankle or a knee doesn't cave in. Football is certainly no game for the average mortal who has passed thirty. One or two might get by, or three or four, but not so many. The pounding begins to count and the wrenched ligaments begin to complain.

Links With the Past

THE long span is still golf, where John Ball won his first championship in 1888 and his eighth in 1912, twenty-four years later: where General Ames at ninety-two battles with John D. Rockefeller at eighty-eight; where seniors from fifty-five to eighty-five put on their annual tournament, rain or shine, and fight it out to the last putt; where Sandy Herd at 58 says "this young man (of thirty-three) is doing quite well—" for a mere kid, at least.

Yet golf is on the lighter side, and there is more of a thrill in watching a Grover Cleveland Alexander at the age of forty come wandering out of the bull pen to save a deciding world-series game with the bases full, where a hit means disaster.

Apparently the surest basis of sporting longevity is ability, for ability can take care of itself for some time after speed and strength have begun to wane. The raw products are important, but the refined essence of knowing how can make the greatest headway against time.

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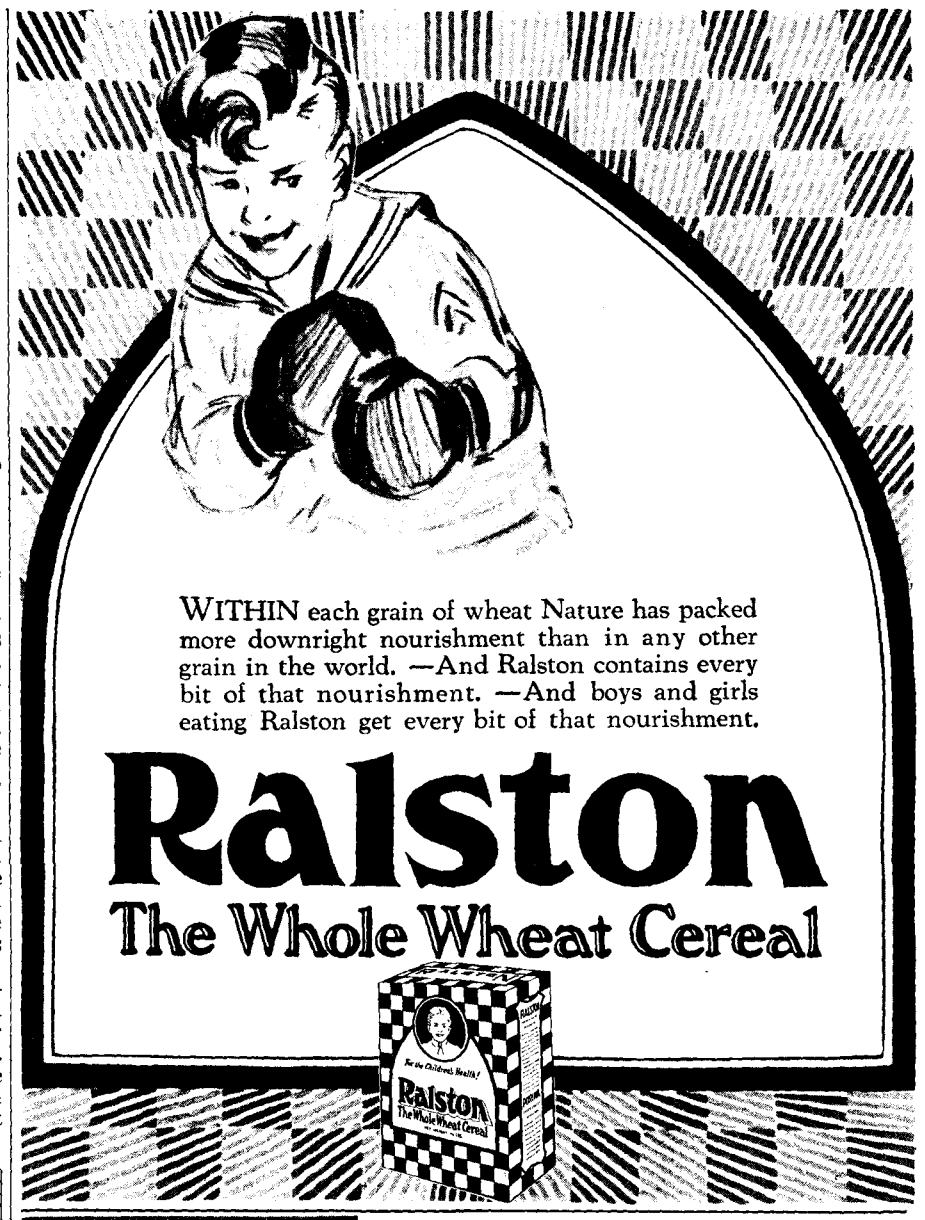

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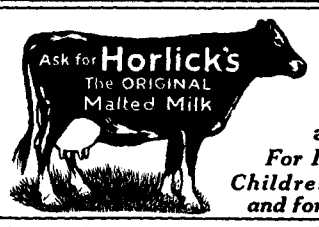

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Collier's EDITORIALS

It Starts in the Home

FIFTY-SIX college men went to the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta last year.

Education did not keep them out of prison.

Chancellor Brown, who presides over New York University's 20,000 students, says that among college men lack of character and not lack of technique is the chief cause of failure.

Think over your own acquaintances. Has not character been the most important element in any career you count successful?

Character is not taught in the schools or elsewhere. Voltaire, remembering his Greek, remarked that character "is what nature has graven in us."

The old Frenchman thought that character, like the shape of the face, is acquired at birth, and nothing much can be done about it. Strong arguments support that opinion. For example, we read in the morning paper that in the same congested quarter two boys grew up together, one to be a policeman and the other a murderer.

Nature wrote something in one lad which made him a protector of society and the other became a destroyer. Why?

We can't change the qualities nature bestows upon us but we can choose our own behavior and that, too, is character.

What nature writes upon you depends upon you as much as upon nature.

If you work, one impression will be made. If you are taught to idle, you will become a different kind of person.

European noblemen have been taught that work is beneath their dignity. Yet they still want to live and live on an expensive scale. Consequently, they seek to marry rich American girls. So the "noble" tradition produces one kind of character. It is not a pleasant type, as Americans who are trained to work see things.

Take a newborn baby and within sharp limits almost any kind of character may be formed.

You can't change disposition or temperament, but the atmosphere in which a child is reared determines the ideas which will govern him. A child's mind is a clean tablet on which environment etches character.

If you want a child to lie, give him an example of mendacity. He may not like what he sees but the chances are he will learn unconsciously. The sons of drunkards are often teetotalers. They too are influenced by what they see.

Fundamental moral ideas are usually acquired early. Many a child of seven has developed traits, good as well as evil, which the longest life will not eradicate. Psychologists now trace the beginnings of crime far back toward infancy. The foundations of a good life are laid during the same early years.

Responsibility for character training cannot be delegated to the colleges or to the schools either for that matter. Character comes out of the home.

What you are will powerfully influence your children. They will imitate your virtues and they won't overlook your vices. But happily they are not tied to you. For regardless of home and all of the other forces of environment, each of us finally makes his and her own decision. Past experience may render one choice easier than the other, but in the end we are still free.

Some, like Leopold and Loeb, despite college training, land in prison. Lincolns and Edisons, denied every special privilege, reach the highest eminence. Character, not education, determines the destination.

A Stagecoach Congress

THE Congress now sitting on the first page of the newspapers and down at Washington is a dead one.

You voted for these men in 1924 and earlier.

The men you elected last November won't assemble—unless called in Special Session—until next December.

Thirteen months elapse between election and the first regular session of Congress.

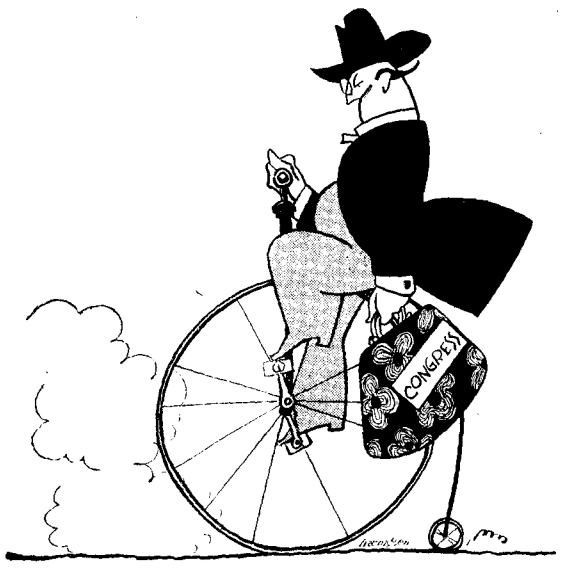
Legislative inertia and nothing else continues this absurd system.

March 4th was set as the beginning of the terms of congressmen before railroads or steamships were invented. Months were consumed in traveling distances which now can be traversed in twenty-four hours.

It is preposterous to continue in the twentieth century a legislative method based on the transportation system of the eighteenth century.

Congress ought to take office as soon as is practicable after election. Certainly, legislation by a dead Congress cannot be justified while a newly elected body is cooling its heels at the doors of the Capitol.

At previous sessions efforts have been made to initiate the changes in the Constitution and statutes essential to the elimination of the long lag between the election of Congress and its first meeting.



The Sixty-ninth Congress has a great opportunity to render its last session memorable by helping to modernize our legislative machinery.

Senator Robinson Protests

IN a recent editorial dealing with the new Congress, Collier's said: "Indiana still has the honor of being represented by a Klansman and 'Jim' Watson in the Senate."

Senator Arthur R. Robinson writes as follows:

"I am not, nor have I at any time been a member of the Ku Klux Klan, or any similar organization. An affidavit to that effect was made by me and placed in the record of the Senate Investigating Committee when Senator Reed of Missouri was taking evidence on the Indiana situation a few weeks ago."

The editorial statement was based on the facts that Senator Robinson was first appointed by Governor Jackson, who made his campaign for office in the automobile owned by the head of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana; that Senator Robinson acted as attorney for the Klan leader and that he has been the conspicuous beneficiary of the Klan-supported officials in Indiana politics.

The membership of the Ku Klux Klan is secret, but Senator Robinson is the best witness as to whether or not he is a member. Collier's is glad to publish his statement.

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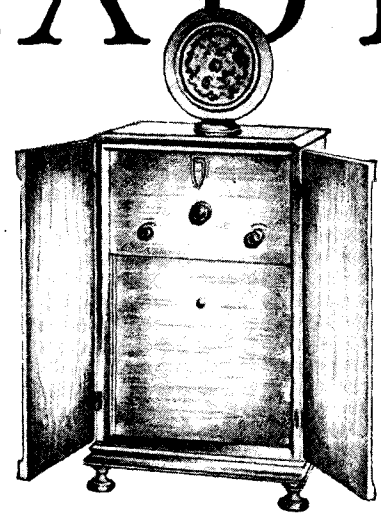

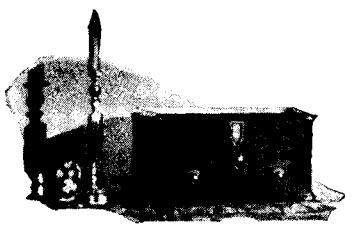

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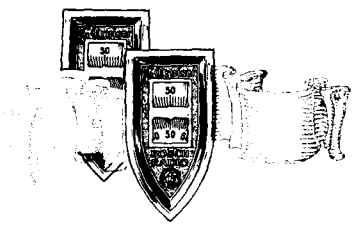

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Model 16—6 tubes	150.00
The Amborada—7 tubes	310.00
The NoBattry "B" Power Unit	48.00
The Concert Ambotone	27.50
The Concert Ambotone Medallion	27.50
The Library Ambotone	12.50
The Library Ambotone Medallion	12.50

All prices slightly higher, Colorado and west and in Canada

LITERATURE SENT ON REQUEST

A new creation in radio—a new excellence and an outstanding value. The Bosch Imperial Cruiser—a new receiver embodying all the precision of the Bosch tradition in a beautifully designed Colonial cabinet of the finest matched grain walnut. It is a five tube receiver that is powerful, selective and far-reaching with the "unified control" station selector, and completed with the Library Ambotone Reproducer at the amazing price of $147.50. Bosch also announces the Royal Cruiser, a five tube, powerful, "table type" receiver of unique operating simplicity and remarkable selectivity, in a beautifully grained walnut cabinet at $110. These two new Bosch receiving sets establish a new standard of excellence in appearance, performance and value in radio. In justice to yourself examine these unusual Bosch Radio values before purchasing any radio.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS: SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO
Manufactured under patent applications of the American Bosch Magneto Corp. and licensed also under applications of the Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc.

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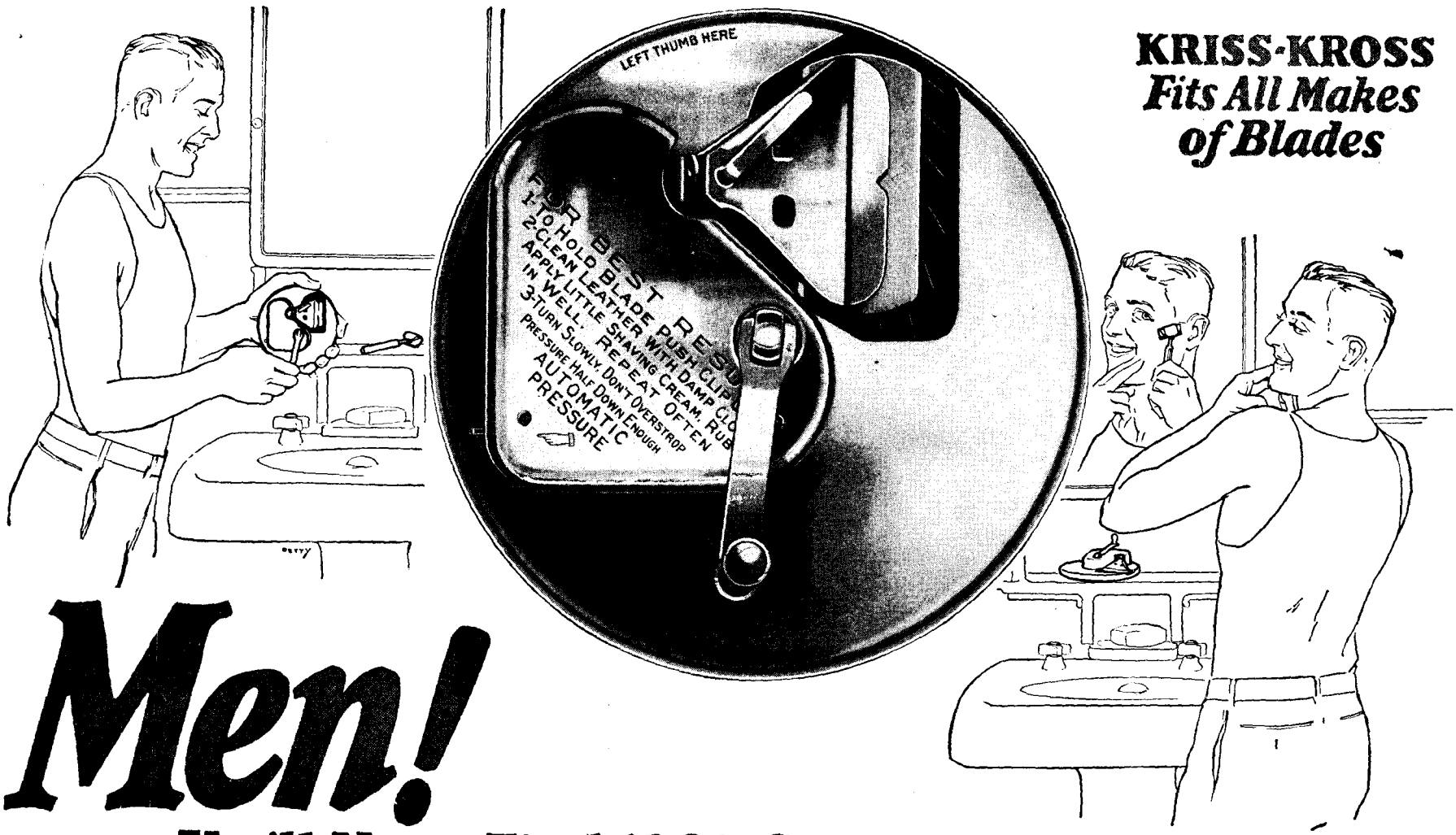


KRISS-KROSS
Fits All Makes of Blades

Men!

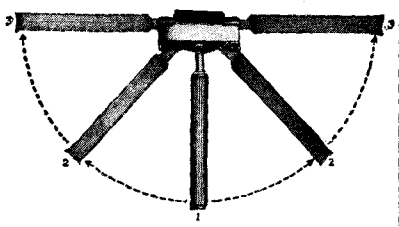
You'll Never Find 100% Shaving Satisfaction Until You Try This Amazing New Invention

I'll Guarantee to Keep You in Keen Razor Blades for Life!

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade! That's what the revolutionary invention of a St. Louis man is doing for American shavers everywhere!

KRISS-KROSS marks the beginning of a new era in shaving comfort and economy. Its performance is so sensational that it seems hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a *super*-stropper or blade rejuvenator! Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day. No longer do you find that your blades "die" after five or six shaves. KRISS-KROSS "brings 'em to life" a surprising way, week after week and month after month—and endows them with a keenness that they seldom possess when *brand-new!* Actually—you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it almost beyond belief in eleven seconds with KRISS-KROSS! No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

INSTANTLY ADJUSTABLE



NEW KIND OF RAZOR
GIVEN!

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 styles of razor in one. Adjustable to any shaving position for either side of the face. Novel KRISS-KROSS feature reduces beard resistance 45%. Simply *zips* through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Nothing like it ever on the market before. I'll send you one FREE to introduce KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. Limited offer. Find out about it today.

Magic Diagonal Stroke

Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS, fitted its sturdy, nickeled smoothness into the palm of your hand and tested its uncanny dexterity *yourself*, you'll never know how amazing it really is! It employs the famous *diagonal stroke* same as a master barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of reproducing it automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from *heavy* to *light*. It's almost human the way it makes the strokes start with strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you that your blade is ready—*ready with the keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!*

Fits All Blades

KRISS-KROSS produces unbelievable sharpness and prolongs the life of any razor blade for months and even years. Fits all brands and makes except Durham. Eliminat 83% of shaving costs and ends all bother about remembe ing to buy new blades! No more "raking" and scrapi with dull ones, either! No more stinging and smarting th has to be relieved with messy lotions and harsh astringen KRISS-KROSS solves your blade problem for all ti and gives you keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever!

Sensational Offer

And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRIS KROSS to those who have not yet seen it, I am givi with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarka features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving positi A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) strai (old-style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a *slid* instead of *pulling* stroke. Made of *rustless* met All one connected piece—nothing to assemble screw up. Comes with 5 special-process blades and entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

Get Free Offer

Send for details and information on these surprising new KRISS-KROSS inventions today. See for yourself exactly how uncanny and ingenious they are. Read the amazing praise of enthusiastic users. Clip the coupon for illustrated description and free razor offer. Fill it out now! Mail it today!

AGENTS

Make excellent mone with KRISS-KROSS FREE razors boost you profits amazingly. H. Kin made $66 in one day. N. C Paige made $104 in 3 days Others average $350 and t to $750 a month! Man *spare-time* workers, offic and factory men make $ $12 extra a day showin KRISS-KROSS to friend and fellow employees. Kantala made $154 ext just working evenings weeks. Get details at onc Check bottom. A coupo and mail it *tonight!*

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. A-401,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, please send me illustrated description and details of your special introductory offer on KRISS-KROSS super-stropper and FREE 3-way razor.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested in making money as our authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

Rhodes' **KRISS KROSS STROPPER**

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. A-401
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Strappers in the World

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